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M E M O I R S

OF THE

Marchioness DE LOUVRE.

IN LETTERS.

By a LADY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

L O N D O N,

ed for ROBSON, New Bond-Street; WALTER,
Charing-Cross; and ROBINSON, Paternoster-row.

MDCCLXXVII.



TO THE
COUNTESS of ——.

MADAM,

COULD I but faintly paint the high idea I entertain of your virtues, I should attempt it. But as you have *too much* understanding to suffer what, I have *too little* to undertake, I hope the world will excuse my deficiency, and you will pardon my presumption.

I shall only observe, that you have proved by your conduct the possibility of uniting the duties of a court

Lady, with those duties which are undoubtedly of greater importance, without betraying any inconsistency in your conduct. Like the judicious ancients, who made the God of wisdom and poetry the same, you judge chearfulness and elegance inseparable from true philosophy ; and that wisdom and taste, springing from the same common parents, truth and nature, can never so prosper and flourish, as when, advancing hand in hand, they mutually support each other.

The approbation with which your Ladyship honoured a former work of mine, encourages me to present
this

DEDICATION.

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this to you, as I know you think this species of writing may be carried to a high pitch of usefulness,

I believe very few duly exert all their phylical and moral strength, but find many void spaces within the circle of their lives, and others filled with what they disapprove, or with trifles of no use. The love and practice of virtue, and a taste for the study of the sciences, are principally recommended in the following pages: do not such impart to him, who is possessed of them, a happiness independent of accident, and the malignity or caprice of men? I do not produce my sentiments as uncommon,

uncommon, but only as useful and reasonable: nor do I dogmatize; my folly is absolutely personal: thus as a little Laird, in the Highlands of Scotland, after he had dined, allowed all the sovereigns in the universe to dine in their turn: contented with my reflections, *such as they are*, I leave the rest of the world to act as they please.

As a woman seldom writes without hazarding a great deal for want of information, the success of this performance is uncertain; I therefore will not borrow the lustre it might receive from your name being affixed to it, or from the favourable

able impressions which might be formed of my own character, from the intimacy you have honoured me with for twelve years past. I remain, dear Madam, with unfeigned regard, and the sincerest attachment,

your Ladyship's obliged,

and affectionate friend,

The AUTHOR,



THE

Marchioness DE LOUVI.

LETTER I.

From the Countess of DANVERS, to the
Duchess of SURRY.

Sept. 5, 1775.

DEAR MADAM,

I HOPE this will find your Grace,
the Duke, and all your family in
perfect health: I was exceedingly con-
cerned the indisposition of my Lord pre-
vented me from making any longer stay
in London, and can assure your Grace,

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that

that no other circumstance could have prevailed on me to leave town the day on which you were to arrive from the country. I longed to embrace you, after an absence of fifteen years, to see all your family, and to introduce mine to you. If my Lord's health is not better from our jaunt, my girls have had at least the advantage of a superior education than they could have received at home, which is some compensation for having been so long absent from our friends. We brought with us a young lady from Tours, one of the most amiable, most accomplished, and beautiful creatures I ever saw. Acres was the valorous knight, who rescued her from a very imminent danger; and afterwards placed her in a ^{co}nvent, which I prevailed on her to quit. My brother, General Spencer, is the most altered man

I ever

I ever saw; a secret grief seems to prey upon his spirits—But there is no knowing what is the occasion of it. Your Grace may believe, I was very much mortified at my sister's marriage.—You know she had beauty enough, when young, to have excused her want of common-sense; but she scorned the precarious triumph of her charms, and would only conquer by the beauties of her mind. An union of hearts, a delicacy of sentiment, and a mental adoration, were what she long sought for, *and never found*. Thus nature struggled with sentiment, till she was fifty, but then got the better of it to such a degree, that she fell in love with an Irish ensign of eighteen, and married him; he lived long enough to squander her patrimony, by plunging into all manner of debauch-

erries ; and then died, leaving her pennyless.

She is now I find a devotee, and lives with my brother the General : and as he has promised to accompany my young people to town in November, she will also be of the party.

Your Grace may readily imagine, I cannot place much confidence in a woman who has rendered herself equally ridiculous in *age* as in *youth* ; but the General's great tenderness for her, together with the admirable good sense of my two eldest girls, will, I think, counteract any consequence of her absurdities with the youngest. I hope your Grace will extend the friendship you honoured the mother with to her daughters ; and that as my Lord's bad health prevents my coming to town, that you will countenance these dear children.

Yours

You will find them not *unamiable*, and highly *accomplished*.

Their father, ever indulgent, wishes them to possess every advantage in their introduction into life, which our very large fortune so well intitle them to. Shall I flatter myself with your Grace's protection, and of your countenancing them? They are to reside in our house in Berkley-square.

My Lord desires his best respects to your Grace, and joins with me in the same to the Duke, and best complements to all your family.

I am ever, your Grace's

affectionate friend, and

obliged humble servant,

W~~I~~HELMINA DANVERS.

L E T T E R II.

From Mademoiselle le REILLET, to the
Abbé FRANCVILLE, at Avignon.

DEAR SIR,

AFTER a most agreeable journey, I arrived with my benefactress and family at an ancient seat of her Lord's in Cambridgeshire. You inquire of me my adventures ; it is, indeed, too true, I have had some very extraordinary ones ! But do you imagine, my good friend, that I am like Don Quixote, and that every thing is to turn to an adventure at my approach ? I am very well, and have been perfectly happy ; cherished, and esteemed, by one of the most amiable families in the world, whose felicity is only obscured by the
bad

bad health of its master, who, patient under his sufferings, never repines at the dispensations of Providence, but looks around him delighted with his family, acknowledging those mercies, those benefits he possesses. His amiable Countess, is one of the best of women; she lives but in her Lord, and devotes her whole time in promoting his ease, and in alleviating his distress. My Lord's estate is very considerable, and no people ever succeeded better than him and his amiable consort, in making the blessing of riches an honour to them.

A prudent œconomy, equally distant from a ~~fordid~~ avarice and a fatal prodigality, regulates this family.

Lady Susan, their eldest daughter, has no affectation in her; could support *any character*, but assumes *none*; never misled by fancy or vanity, is guided

singly by reason; whatever she says or does, is the manifest result of a happy nature, and a good understanding: her person is truly lovely.

Lady Juliana, the second of the young ladies, in her air, speech, and motion, has a winning elegance that is irresistible, and through all her discourse there is a soft composure. Her person is slender, and formed with symmetry: a delicacy mingled with languor is her chief characteristic.

Lady Fanny, the youngest of the ladies, is not near so handsome as her sisters, but is possessed of an arch vivacity and a turn for raillery, which *alarms* as much as it *amuses* her friends. She has a talent of placing the most serious matters in a ridiculous view, and can carry her point at any time with people,

by

by entertaining and putting them into a good humour.

General Spencer, a brother of my lady's, met us at London : her ladyship seemed much affected at seeing him; she says he is much altered from what he was formerly. His appearance has something in it that commands veneration, love, and respect. Old age, in him, is neither morose, disagreeable, nor magisterial. Without condescending to a juvenile character, he accommodates himself to all sorts of tempers: if he does not flutter with the gay insipid coxcomb, yet he preserves the dignity and respect his age inspires; at least he is no troublesome censor, nor finds fault with the pleasures of others, although absorbed apparently himself in a deep melancholy.

The

The employments he has had in the court and army, and the sciences he has studiously cultivated, furnish him with a thousand curious anecdotes, which render his conversation as pleasant as instructive.

People always depart pleased with his company, charmed with his politeness, and instructed in many facts of which he was witness, and which he freely communicates without pride or entreaty.

Nature when she made man susceptible of misfortunes, made him susceptible of pity also.—I felt—yet knew not why—was solicitous to offer him comfort, yet knew not how to attempt it. Lord Acres, and his noble conduct to me, you are already acquainted with: he is at present at Bath.

My Lord had two children by a lady to whom he was attached before marriage.

riage. The son is in the army, and the daughter married to a Scotch baronet. My lady acted the same part to them she afterwards did to her own children.

I should condole with you most sincerely on the death of your friend; but all good offices are not to be done to all kinds of persons: it would be an affront to religion, and a doubting the profession you make of it, to treat you like vulgar men. We read, that Seneca comforted people under affliction, but never that any one undertook to comfort him. How much more powerful is the Christianity you profess, to regulate the mind under any temporal loss!

I beg you will give my best wishes to my faithful Dupree; and believe me,
good

good father, with the greatest gratitude and respect,

Your obliged,
humble servant,

ANNETTE LE REILLET.

LETTER III.

From General SPENCER, to the Earl of DANVERS.

London.

MY DEAR LORD,

IF I resisted your importunity, when you were desirous of knowing the cause of my secret griefs, it was because I wished not to give you uneasiness—— not that I mistrusted your generosity and friendship.—— I was willing to spare your sensible mind, from a tale replete with horror, in which your unfortunate friend was the principal agent.

But

But if you should still wish to be informed of this affair, your desires are to me commands, and shall be complied with, though not without *infinite pain to myself*.

We arrived here all in good health and spirits, except Juliana, whose sensibility will, I am persuaded, never permit her to be entirely happy. She is miserable in the thoughts of having left your Lordship, and thinks, by having done so, she has failed both in duty and affection to you.

How few minds are consonant to hers; I pray heaven, she may be more fortunate than such a disposition commonly is! She is indeed a mere slave.

The lively Fanny did nothing but laugh during our whole journey, which she was so impatient to get to the end of, that she calculated our time like the driver of a stage-coach, allowing half

an hour at one place, and twenty minutes at another.

A fit of devotion seizing my good sister at ——— she went to church; Susan and Juliana attended her, while their giddy sister remained with me. She's a pious soul, said Fanny, who places the sum of her religion in perpetually frequenting lectures and sermons, and dreams that constantly going to school, and learning her duty, is exactly the same as practising it. I could not help being of my young friend's opinion, though I said nothing. There is a remarkable passage in Plato's Second Alcibiades, which hath often been quoted. Socrates meeting Alcibiades, who was going to the temple to pray, proves to him that he knew not how to perform that duty aright, and that therefore it was not safe for him to do it. On our

journey

journey to town my sister condemned the preacher for his style and manner. Lady Susan, upon my entreating her opinion, asked pardon for differing with her aunt; but said, she could not help imagining, that we should find, upon enquiry, that the discourse they heard had been delivered by a very eminent man; for that, as far as she was able to judge, exactness of method and justness of thought, weighty arguments, judicious reflections, and unaffected piety, adorned with the softest and sweetest eloquence, ran thro' the whole.

Upon observing my old friend Major Rivers pass the window, I sent for him; he acquainted me he now resides entirely at ——, where we had dined, having for some years left the army. I told him the ladies had been at church, and Susan's opinion of the preacher, desiring

to

to know who he was? He replied that from the description it could be no other than the celebrated Dr. ——, who never attempts your passions, said he, till he has convinced your reason.—All the objections which you can form are laid open and dispersed, before he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart, and never pretends to shew the beauty of holiness, till he has convinced you of the truth of it. He is none of those orators, whose perpetual antitheses only touch upon the superficies of the soul. As he uses better weapons than they, so he strikes deeper wounds. He leaves true compunction in the *heart*, and not false alarms in the *car*.

My sister thought it incumbent on her to support her opinion, and insisted that

his

his style was too laboured for a man of God! Major Rivers said, you must indeed, Madam, have a great severity of temper, if you can find any thing to condemn in adding *charms* to *truth*, and gaining the *heart* by captivating the *ear*; in uniting *roses* with the *thorns* of science, and joining *pleasure* with *instruction*.

The morning after our arrival the Duke and Duchess did us the honour of a visit: I do not at all find your long absence has weakened their attachment for you. Her Grace interests herself much for the young ladies: we have implicitly followed her directions in every thing.

We are already engaged for at least a fortnight.

Tiberius, the Emperor, created a new office for devising new pleasures;

but the English are ingenious enough to save their sovereign that expence.

Thus, my dear Lord, I shall be obliged to launch into the regions of *frivolity*, to flutter in the round of amusements, and to range through the whole *hemi-sphere* of folly. We are not to live only for ourselves. A man engaged in the commerce of the world, ought to accommodate himself to his condition, and avoid such particularities as may render him fantastical and impertinent. What is suitable to a Monk, would no ways become a Lord of the Treasury, who cannot *always be on his knees*. But it happens (I know not how), that every person disliking his own condition, mistakes his line, and practises virtues incompatible with his character: thus *Madame le Cas* abandoned her large family of children, to retire into a cloyster, while

while Mademoiselle her cousin, a nun, eloped, with a young cavalier.

I act agreeable to reason, in devoting my time to my nieces this winter, having alas ! no nearer or dearer tie ! And I hope I need not tell your Lordship my *affection* is equal to my *wishes* for their *zelfare*. It is necessary for young people to see some fashionable scenes, as honey may be extracted out of noxious flowers ; but a sting is also necessary to keep off the drones.

We have but indifferent news from America : the situation of our affairs there will cover posterity with astonishment, though the present age regards it with indifference and tranquility. This justifies Cardinal de Retz's remark, that the events of our own times, however extraordinary, affect us faintly, and require time to give them their just

weight and magnitude, which are lost by too near a view. A perpetual peace is not in the decrees of Providence, which, if such a thing had been intended, would have given men a different character. War seems to me a necessary evil: if we were designed for absolute uniformity, we should never have been afflicted with plagues and earthquakes.

Plutus and Mercury are the chief deities venerated in this city; and, like the senate in Tiberius's time, they will not admit the gods of strangers. But honour keeps its nature in great souls, and remains what it ought to be, *the love of glory*. In little souls it degenerates into a desire of distinctions, into vanity. The fine gentlemen *here*, whose feeble talents cannot aspire to great enterprizes, form others proportioned to their weakness. Not being able to conquer

quer enemies, the endeavour to triumph over (what they call) the prejudices of women: such is the pedigree of fop-
pery! A soldier, my dear Lord, in spe-
culation, is a character I ever despised.
When a Greek sophist, declaimed with
great applause on the science and opera-
tion of arms, *Hannibal*, one of his hear-
ers, pronounced him one of the arrant-
est blockheads he had ever heard. You
may suppose from this, how agreeable
it would be for me, to be called upon
by my sovereign to perform my duty in
this juncture of affairs. I desire my best
wishes to my sister, and compliments to
the amiable Mademoiselle le Reillet.

I am ever, my dear Lord,

Your obedient

humble servant,

AUGUSTUS SPENCER.

LETTER IV.

From Lady SUSAN DANVERS to the
Countess of DANVERS.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

MY uncle has already acquainted
you of our safe arrival, and of the
civilities shewn us by every body, parti-
cularly the Duke and Duchess of Surry.

As you desire me to write you every
thing, I shall hazard giving you my
opinion of that family; and if you think
I am mistaken in those you formerly
knew, you must allow for the inferiority
of my judgment, and also the change
fifteen years effects upon most people.

The Duke has a negligence and ease
in his manner that would look like
want of breeding in any other man, but
are so natural to him, that every one
must

must think nothing else would become him ; for with so much ease that every action seems to be by chance, he has a dignity that attracts all eyes in ever so large an assembly, as to the principal figure in it. The Duchess's person is still extremely fine, though she is not young ; her understanding naturally good, and improved by reading. In private company she never loses the politeness of a court, nor at court the freedom of a private company ; and in her conversation she has a manner, that looks as if she tried to learn something from those with whom she converses, though I should suppose there are very few but must be improved by her.

Lady Ann Surry, their eldest daughter, has a fine person, but a very homely face. She does not say half the bright things she could do were she hand-

some; (nature has been a step-mother to her;) but as that may be the reason why *one sex overlooks* her, it may also be for *the other's applauding her*. She loves to hear others commended for their wisdom, beauty, and accomplishments, is the first to speak well of them, and to defend them when attacked. She conforms herself entirely to your maxim, that the best manner to decry another's vice is to avoid it; and the true way to advance another's virtue is to copy it: is not this generosity, my dear mother, an infallible sign of her merit?

Lady Charlotte is very pretty, but a little affected; I mistake, however, if she has not many internal good qualities, which at present she does not enquire after; they therefore lie concealed, like virtues in vegetables, till time or accident shall discover them.

Mr.

Mr. Otway is her declared and received lover; he is a man of very large fortune, and of a humour very similar to her own.

It will not surprise my dearest mother to hear that her amiable Juliana is every where much admired, and that her lively Fanny pleases as many as see her. I find it however necessary in the sage character of elder sister to moderate her spirits—and I have taken great care to make her read such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding, and rectify the passions, instead of those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination.

She is at present reading *Telemachus* to me; did not Archbishop Fenelon, my dear mother, treat romance in such a manner as to give it dignity and charms, of which it had been before judged incapable

capable, by extracting from those fictions a moral useful to mankind?

You know it has been commonly supposed, that he composed this work as themes for the Duke of Burgundy and his brother, to whom he was preceptor, as *Bossuet* had drawn up his Universal History for the use of the Dauphin: upon which Fanny made the following remark, “ that the amours of *Calypso* and *Eucharis* was a very extraordinary lesson given by a priest to *the sons of France*.”

You enquire if I have seen Mrs. Dashwood? We dined there one day. There was such an air of preparation in the whole entertainment, and so much ceremony, as could not fail of making the whole company sensible how much trouble they had occasioned. She does not appear to me to have judgment enough to distinguish between *accident* and

and *excellence*. When she should measure nature she but looks to vanity ; and the preference which fortune gives is only empty and imaginary. She is a *bel-
prit*, and as vain of her *beauty* as her *learning*. She was very desirous of our being on a very intimate footing—but we should be most unsuitable companions. Her whole ambition is to shine in company, and to recommend herself by universal complaisance : my greatest happiness, you know, my dear mother, consists in ease, with the conversation of a few friends. I prefer a good heart before the most voluble tongue ; and though I am obliged to her for the politeness of her professions, yet her attentions are divided among so numerous an acquaintance, that little can remain for those she is pleased to honour with the name of friends.

Must

Must not this, my dear mother, be always the case in a great city. Benevolence degenerates into humanity, and friendship into a slight affection. In her *gaîté de cœur*, she said she thought Lady Ann Surry is a frightful woman; I could not forbear replying, I find, Madam, you judge by external appearances, and it is your interest that others should form their judgment by the same rule—I must own, Lady Anne has nothing to boast in that respect; but makes ample amends for her *outward defects*, by her *inner qualities*. You have always said, my dear mother, women ought not to place so much value on a quality that can be useful to *one*, as to neglect that which may be of benefit to *thousands* by precept or example. And when the fleeting charms of their persons are faded, the everlasting beauties of their minds

minds may be as much the comfort of their autumn, as the charms of their person were the glory of their spring.

My sisters desire their duty to you, and join me in the same to my dear father, and I remain ever, dear mother,

Your affectionate,

and obliged daughter,

SUSAN DANVERS.

L E T T E R V.

From the Earl of DANVERS to General SPENCER.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM much obliged by yours, and am happy to find you got safe to town.

The desire I expressed of knowing the subject of your melancholy entirely proceeded

proceeded from a desire of alleviating it—but I stand corrected, my dear brother, and intreat you'll forget I ever wished to be informed on a subject I plainly see must give you so much pain. We ought not to remind another of misfortunes, of which the sufferer does not complain, and which we cannot mitigate: I can have no right to excite in you thoughts which necessarily distress you whenever they return, and which perhaps would not have revived, but for my impertinent curiosity. I am no better in my health; I have certainly suffered too from my quack medicines. Chymical medicines are observed to relieve oftner than cure; for it is the nature of spirits to make swift impressions but not deep.

In Petersburgh, Rome, and Sweden, they dare not sell any medicine, unless a regular

gular receipt is signed by a physician, as the punishment is very severe. Esculapius could not have made a law more beneficial to the faculty, and it prevents empirics from destroying numbers, as they do with impunity among us. Medicine, however, it is thought, owes more to that illiterate enthusiast *Paracelsus*, than to all the physicians who have written since the days of *Hippocrates*, if we except *Sydenham*, who owes his reputation entirely to a great natural sagacity in making observations, and a still more uncommon candor in relating them.

What little medical philosophy he had, which was as good as his time afforded, served only to warp his genius, and render his writings more perplexed and tiresome. Some of my physicians are of opinion I should return to the south of France, or Italy; others think I had

I had better remain here: I believe it would puzzle the whole faculty to procure me any relief. The causes of diseases are often either *doubtful* or latent; and the *action* of the *mind* is likewise often an *immechanical disturbing* cause. In England the changes in the air are very frequent: on which account the health of the inhabitants is more easily affected, and in no other country perhaps are there more complaining valetudinarians. However, *sensible* variations of the air seldom greatly exceed their usual limits and duration, in producing any very extraordinary changes in the state of the epidemic. And we find from the registers of the prevailing diseases, in several parts of this kingdom, that their different appearances are more owing to their different *situations* and *soil*, and other *remote* causes, than to the sensible variations

variations of the air. But it is a melancholy affair, that after the first years in our lives, in the most delightful retirement, we are obnoxious to the influence of the atmosphere, and are *gay* or *sad*, according as the heavens are *cloudy* or *serene*. But it is the part of a wise man to forget the inevitable calamities of human life, in the enjoyment of the present hour—but painful sensations affect us incomparably more strongly than the agreeable; for violent pain destroys all sensation of pleasure; but the most powerful sensation of pleasure cannot silence a strong sensation of pain.

I am too ill at present to add more than that I am, with very great regard,

dear Sir,

your obedient servant,

SURRY.

LETTER VI.

From General SPENCER, to the Earl of
SURREY.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAD the pleasure of your letter, and am exceedingly chagrined to find you are still so much indisposed.

Your young ladies are all well, and are very much approved of by every body. Lady Sufan, and Juliana, were introduced at court the other day, and I can assure you their uncle's vanity was much flattered by the appearance they made. I may be mistaken, but I think Juliana has captivated the Marquis of Epsom, on which account, I shall tell you what I think of him. I dare say, in time, his Lordship will be an amiable member of society—at present he worships vice, as the Indians adore the devil,

Lord John has very superior abilities, and distinguished himself last winter at the meeting of the national assembly. He is also a man of pleasure: ordinary people are equally estranged by pleasure and business; but geniuses of a superior order pass from one to the other without trouble: always their own masters, they lend themselves to diversions and affairs, without being entirely possessed by either, and never neglect business for the sake of pleasure. Lord Henry, the youngest of the brothers, is bred to the church, and although only now in his eighteenth year, conducts himself with a propriety suited to his profession.—His activity of soul is such, that he can never seize on any principle without tracing it to its most distant consequences; while others let every consequence escape them, which has not a certain de-

gree of evidence at first sight—and seize only those which present themselves. Lord John takes upon him to doubt every thing as a philosopher, while Lord Henry dares deny nothing as a divine—their frequent disputes, carried on with great spirit on both sides, are highly entertaining. Lord Henry is very lively—a gay character is ever uniform, whilst the melancholy humour has as many gradations as are found between the slightest and deepest melancholy.

I hope Lord Acres will soon return from Bath; he will find these young noblemen very agreeable companions.

My sister goes on quite in the old way. Mademoiselle de Scudery says, “ gravity is only a secret of *the body*, to conceal the defects of *the mind*.” Hypocrisy is a homage vice pays to virtue. I like not myself an appearance of over sanctity,

fancifly, and know not if I would not rather prefer an *acklowledged vice*, to an *equivocal virtue*. One knows at least what to depend on. She is what Sir Richard Steel calls *outrageously virtuous*, and is whimsical and peevish to the last degree; abuses every body, and must consequently be feared and despised herself. She takes false alarms at every thing that is said, and wrests every thing to *double entendre*. There are very few things that one might not say before a woman of reputation, without her being obliged, by a regard to decency, to take any umbrage: but this is not the case with her. I have in vain told her, that true delicacy is always on the side of good sense, and approves of whatever is good, wherever it finds it: these unjust disgusts you manifest, said I, for what is excellent, must make one ac-

cause you of caprice, and deprecate you with just reasoners.

This it is that sharpens satire, expatiating against the follies her conscience upbraids her with, and wherof the public are not ignorant. This deceit provokes mankind; and, instead of expunging her errors, excites a re-attention to observe them. The world is a clear-fighted and malignant judge; it is hard to be imposed upon, and it seldom pardons the design of dazzling and surprising. It is more indulgent to those who deal above board, and confess their weaknesses. A disposition to asperse characters is a fair butt for aspersion. It is here as in *treason*, they who love the *calumny*, will hate and persecute the *calumniator*, with the most implacable virulence.

I beg

LETTER VI.

41

I beg my best affections to my sister,
and complements to the amiable Made-
moiselle le Reillet,

I am, my Lord,
your obedient servant,

AUGUSTUS SPENCER.

LETTER VII.

From Lady JULIANA DANVERS, to Ma-
demoiselle LE REILLET.

MY DEAR ANNETTE,

WE have been at court, and every
place of public resort; the Duchess
of Surry, and her amiable family, load
us with civilities.

My sister Susan enjoys it, but Fanny
is perfectly transported; how happy is
that mind that can be amused with trifles!

—every

—every circumstance, be it ever so trivial, enchant^s her. It is not so with your less happy friend. External objects ever take their colourings from the sentiments which the soul at that time experiences; and the prospect of nature is in the mind only. The unhappy state of health in which I left my beloved father distresses me sensibly, and occupies the inmost recesses of my soul. My affectionate mother, alive only to what she thinks our interest and amusement, sent us to town, by which she proves her own disinterestedness; but which *most certainly* calls upon us for a ~~delightful~~ attention in return for her *goodness*.

If I had I taste for the dissipation which presides in this place, my sentiments would be the same; at present I can derive no merit in lamenting I was not permitted to remain with you. I dread the

the gout's coming to my father's stomach—Oh! my dear friend, that I were at Danvers Place! I should only then fear the truth; but while I am absent, my anxious thoughts create a thousand dangers, and I alarm myself perhaps without reason! What inquietude must a mind feel, conscious of guilt, when mine has suffered such perturbation, merely from the apprehensions of having failed in just delicacy of sentiment, by obeying the commands of those parents, my heart feels so *much for*, and owes so *much to*. I know well, my dear Annette, my mother's plan is to get us well established in life; but while I possess my dearest parents' affections, I want no other happiness. Were I never to alter my condition, so far from its being a matter of uneasiness to me, it would afford me satisfaction, as nothing could

could give me a greater joy, than an assurance of never being separated from them.

My heart is not formed for the marriages this age produces.—It is notorious in high life, instead of such an union bringing people together, it is the most effectual means of keeping them asunder: as, according to the principles of action and reaction, where two bodies are drawn together by a violent attraction, they immediately fly off, and are driven back again from each other, by the principle of repulsion. “Every extreme produces its contrary.” A spring compressed, regains its elasticity when the compressing power is removed. My soul is sensible and delicate to excess. No titles nor wealth can influence me to bestow my hand unaccompanied with my heart: it is necessary, as the object of

fects so much to be untaught and artless, that though she has in reality sense enough, she often makes herself appear quite silly by affectation. She mimics the walk of one lady, the sound of the voice of another, turns her eyes in a way that is unnatural, and seems to be acted upon with wheels and pulleys like a machine : she's a piece of clock-work ! 'Tis true she imitates good patterns ; but all she does is offensive because she has forsaken her own natural behaviour for a borrowed one of others : in short, she is a bad copy of excellent originals.

There are many perfect beauties eclipsed by others whose features are less alluring, but who have attractive charms. And since acquired parts are not so noble as the natural ; nor the industry of man to be equally esteemed with the gifts of heaven ; I may farther add,

48 LETTER VII.

add, that to understand the art of pleasing is not so much to be valued, as to know, *how without art to please.*

We are going to the opera, and I am restricted in time, but cannot help, before I conclude, to mention the Marquis of Epsom, who is very high in my esteem. No-body has that candour, that simplicity, that evenness of character; no-body has that goodness of soul, and elevation of sentiment—all the young men I see, in general, are only well taught parrots.

Farewel, my dear Annette, present my duty to the best of parents; amuse them for me, and believe me to be invariably,

your affectionate friend,

JULIANA DANVERS.

LET-

LETTER VIII.

From LADY FANNY DANVERS, to the
Earl of DANVERS.

MY DEAR PAPA,

BEFORE you begin to read your
mad-cap's letter, let your cushion be
smoothed, your poor gouty toes thereon
adjusted, and your whole soul attuned
to peace and tranquility.

I have been greatly charmed, vastly
pleased, and highly delighted, since I
came to London. Juliana does no-
thing but fret about having left you,
while I do nothing but divert myself.
Susan is as wife, as good, and as pru-
dent as ever, and always remains at
home until the post comes, to hear *how you do*. This provokes me very often,
although, I am sure, I love you as well
as any of my sisters; and could I renew
VOL. I. E your

your youth and vigour, by boiling you in a cauldron with certain magic herbs, as Medea is said to have done to her father Aeson: I should leave this place immediately with great pleasure to attend you—and bid adieu to this delightful town, my fine cloaths, and *precious beaux*.

I wish to God, dear papa, that mama had kept aunt Bloom at home—tiresome to the last degree she has been to me! The most indifferent actions, and harmless pleasures, are *to her* unpardonable crimes. She makes giants and monsters of wind-mills, and chimeras, and breathes the very spirit of *the Morning Post*.—Thanks however to my want of attention; her arguments, like the *baseless fabric of a vision, leaves not a wreck behind*. Mademoiselle le Reillet, however, has often told me, that I should submit

submit to a *smaller* evil, when it is allied with a *greater* good. Now, though my aunt, at times, is a *great bore*, yet at others she diverts me wonderfully.

She was so little time a wife, that she forgets that honour was conferred on her, and returns to her primitive ideas, and acts the *old maid*. Our shoemaker's wife takes her measure for her shoes, and our stay-maker's daughter for her stays.

She is perpetually talking about religion, conquering our passions, and I know not what! I have, however, observed she begins to relax a little in practice—she has had more than once an *anonymous indisposition*, which has prevented her from going to church. She dressed herself in the extreme of the fashion, and in all the colours of the rain bow, while, in reality, she looks more like

the decayed worm in the midst of its own filks, than any thing else.

But what has diverted me most, dear papa, is, you know, had she been married at the age in which *under Providence*, and *your leave*, I intend to enter into that *holy state*, her withered, sari-velled, and decayed neck, might have been compared to her marriage-settlement. This lovely bosom, is however adorned with a snake *ippet* made by some *Gorgon*.—I could not help telling her, she would have no reason to complain if she lost her head, neck and all, by the hand of some avenging *Perseus*.

I have seen no creatures to-day, but very disagreeable people; what amusement could it afford you, if I acquaint you with the crossness of Sir John Bolton;—the melancholy of Sir Henry Lotone; the

the affected airs and graces of Lady Charlotte Surry; or the sour aspect, shakings of the head, and disdainful smiles of aunt Bloom?

I have been at an opera, a play, and (what I think stupid enough) *a rout*.—But were I to write you every thing, I should have nothing to relate when we meet; which I pray heaven! *entre nous*, may not be these three months to come, at least.

Susan and Juliana are for ever a-writing, and I suppose (though I know nothing of the matter) they write well. For my part I never took any pains in my life.—One of our poets says, “*he who never felt BIRCH, should never wear BAYS.*” Horace, I have heard said, denies any thing to be in the power of genius without improvement— and another

man* (Mademoiselle le Reillet will tell you his name, if you forget it) asserted that grammar is the fountain of all science. And the Roman † Mr. Wedderburn, says, “ he who commits his thoughts to paper without being able methodically to arrange them, or properly to illustrate them, gives us an instance of the most intemperate abuse of his own time, and letters themselves.

I have, however, written a long letter, such *as it is*, and I comfort myself with this reflection. Quere: Must not I be absolute of that language, or that whose laws I can trample under foot, and which I can use as *I please*? — Great geniuses act superior to rules; does not the Marquis of Halifax say of Montaigne, that nature has made him too big to confine himself to a studied style.

* Quintillian.

† Cicero.

Besides,

Besides, I never forget, that *Tuffo* became insane by extreme application to study, having survived himself so far as even to forget his works !

Heaven preserve your darling from such a fate ! — — — Say amen, dear papa ; and while my senses remain they shall be dedicated to you, and what you love, even

your affectionate,

and dutiful

FANNY DANVERS.

P. S. Duty to mama, love to Annette, and a great deal of pity to the poor gouty toes.

LETTER IX.

From Lady SUSAN DANVERS, to the
Countess of DANVERS.

DEAR MAMA,

I AM very happy to hear my dear father is so much better. I shall now, in obedience to your commands, give you, as well as my feeble pen will admit of, the characters of those we mostly associate with.

Sir John Bolton is very intimate with the Marquis of Epsom, consequently in all our parties. He is agreeable in his person, possesses a large estate, and is reckoned sensible and judicious. He appears rather to think lightly of women, and his apprehensions of burning his fingers with Hymen's torch will not suffer him to marry.

When

When he is intimate, or interests himself in people's affairs, he takes great liberties, which renders him often impertinent, and frequently disagreeable. Lord John almost quarrelled with him the other day. When he was gone, he said to the Marquis, he was amazed he could suffer his officiousness ; that, for his own part, he always felt the greatest indignation rise in his mind against those who think all good sense is included in the confines of their own brain ! “ If he cannot divest himself, said he, of his bad qualities, he should at least endeavour to skreen them from public notice. Why will he have others suffer the chagrine of his ill-humour, and that impertinent authority he assumes of censoring all mankind ! Does he think to establish his own merit by his squeamishness ? Or does he propose to pass his

dictates

dictates for decisions, which are the produce of his caprice and extravagance?"

The Marquis acknowledged his friend's impetuosity of temper, but added, as perfection is not the attribute of humanity, he would never quarrel with any man for a *small error* occasioned by a *great virtue*, as probity was his distinguishing characteristic. "I would rather prefer, said he, the company of a man rough, and even unbred, who would tell me his real sentiments, to the company of those men of art and duplicity, who, under a false gloss of zeal, esteem, and friendship, conceal a heart full of envy, hardness, and malignity; who do not cultivate us for any opinion they have of our good qualities, but in proportion as they believe us adapted to their views and purposes; who regulate their attentions, their civilities,

lities, and their respect, by the degree which they suppose we have of the favour and confidence of those who can be serviceable to them; and who cease to see or know us in proportion as *our* credit *declines* or *theirs advances*. I was I was much pleased at Sir John's attacking Fanny the other evening. She had been very lively, and had said a thousand odd, good things, to the amusement of the company: he alone remained silent. After a little pause he said, he had been reflecting, that though it seems a paradox, the more a woman abounds in wit, the less reasonable, and commonly less amiable she is; yet it is no less *true*, for her *head* is instrumental to the corruption of her *heart*. Vivacity renders her inconstant, penetration gives her artifice and malignancy, and experience daily proves that those women

men who err most, have more wit than others. It commonly also confers on them confidence, from the applause they meet; and there is no real beauty in woman in any thing which is not irradiated by modesty.

My uncle asked Fanny what she thought of Sir John's decision. She answered, she thought it a very *prudent one*; for men, said she, either admire *beauty* or *wit* in women. Now there is this considerable difference between *their* merit, that they are never violently influenced by beauty, unless it has weakened their reason; nor can ever feel half the force of wit without *their judgments are found*. For as one must have good eyes, and even artificial ones, telescopes and microscopes, to have a just view of the works of nature; so none but persons of good understanding can find

find out the entire sense of a delicate thought.

Sir John smiled, and told her he flattered himself that his intellects, though weak, could enable him sufficiently to approve her wit—and that in his perfect senses he could admire her person; but that he could not help still observing, that strong reason, and sound judgment, were greatly to be preferred to vivacity! and that it would be a strange attempt to set up wit and imagination instead of reason and judgment, for a judge and umpire in matters of the greatest consequence; which, however, he could not help observing was sometimes the case with her ladyship: that if we attentively follow the progress of the understanding we shall be convinced, that thought always becomes imagination when it ceases to be reason, and that in the point

point *one* ends, the *other* begins. Sir Henry Lotone and Sir Hugh Benson, are two other of our beaux.

Sir Henry is remarkably handsome, and has a most pleasing address.—He is lately returned from an embassy abroad, which his bad health would not permit him longer to officiate in. He is universally considered as a man of very superior abilities. He does not affect to shine in conversation : a man who says excellent things in a humble manner, is only admired by rational people. For as modesty is the best recommendation to great minds, so it is apt to prejudice little ones, who mistake it for ignorance. But it requires greater spirits and art than he chuses to exert, to recommend one to the multitude. His bad health proceeds from a disappointment in love : few

few men suffer from this cause, I believe.

Sir Hugh Benson's time is much engrossed by trifling amusements, and he makes that, which should only be the entertainment of a vacant hour, the only business of his life !

Is it not, my dear mother, to be lamented, that this is by far too common a case with persons distinguished by their birth, fortunes, and figure in the world ?—as if all the advantage they proposed by those shining distinctions, was only the privilege of leading idle unmeaning lives, useless to themselves, and the community.

He suffers with impatience the music he pretends to hear with rapture—and will not even eat any thing he likes for the sake of eating in taste.

It

It is frequently observed on the relations between the body and the soul, that very corpulent persons have commonly no imagination, no sagacity, no delicacy of wit; they have only good sense. When the degree of corpulency is prodigious, dulness nearly approaches stupidity; the soul then appears to be oppressed by redundancy.—This is certainly the case, although the Mogul goes every year to weigh himself in a ballance, like an ox,—and his subjects rejoice *more* in proportion as he becomes *less* capable of governing them. Sir Hugh Benson is very corpulent in his person, yet affects the flutter of a *macaroni*; Fanny says he puts her in mind of seeing *a coxw frolicksome*. Pliny speaks, in his Natural History, of elephants that were taught to dance on the ropes. All excess is vicious, and offends persons

of

of delicacy, who have a just discernment: excessive, or too elaborate civilities are troublesome, as over-strained haughtiness is offensive. Does not the great art of pleasing, my dear mother, consist in a happy medium betwixt *too little* and *too much*, which distinguishes the well-bred man from the coxcomb, who is governed only by caprice? Such is the *Duke of Surry*; and although he has been above thirty years married, there is no man, in my opinion, possesses his ease, and elegance of manners: but I need not mention a circumstance to you which you already know so well; his Grace being universally acknowledged the *genteelest man in England*.

He is looked upon, I find, as a man of gallantry, but he does not triumph in his vices; for when he strays from the line of *right*, he takes care still to walk

in that of *prudence*. If prudence, as it is deemed by some superficial philosophers, be the pantheon of virtue, his Grace bids fairest to be the most perfect character I ever heard of.

He attends us constantly to the opera; he is passionately fond of music. It has been the opinion of the best philosophers, that the world is composed of harmony, and there is music in the motion of the heavens, and our very souls are set to the same tune; whence it is they are raised and elevated, and all their faculties revive by the power of music.

But although Italian music is exceedingly agreeable in itself, yet it has undoubtedly had an unhappy effect upon a great part of the *beau monde*, who have been led by it entirely to give up the instruction of their understandings, to the edification of their ears. Our senses are never

never so equally gratified as when our reason has a share in the entertainment. There are many who imagine music is the only thing to be attended to at an opera; not reflecting that there is an inseparable connection between the beauties in the music and those in the poetry. Does not my dear mother think that the greatest beauty in dramatic music consists in the expression, whether produced by the movement of the parts; or by the modulation of the harmony? Is it not that, which in music affects our passions, when jointly adapted and applied towards impressing the imagination? And thus the united force of poetry and music exerting itself on the imagination, produces in the audience a stronger perception than would arise from the ideas excited by music only.

If this is granted, it is evident, that in the Italian operas we do not hear, in its perfection, that, for which alone they were introduced. The reason that so few have had any taste of the recitative music, may be easily collected from what I have taken upon me to hazard saying, since it had nothing to recommend it but the expression of the music, which is so much lost to us. But were we familiar with this particular style, by having it introduced to us with all the charms of English verse, we should, no doubt, be greatly charmed with it. And as every scene in an opera is not to represent the lover and his mistress, I should humbly suppose the majesty of some English words will appear to be more agreeable to the music, as being more proper to the subject, than the softness of the Italian. I am very apt to suppose

suppose there is a great connection between the languages and manners of nations,—perhaps the English language, or any of those under the *polar sky*, are not so well suited to express the passion of love, as in climates where it is the reigning passion. We have a strong instance of this in Addison's *Cato*, which is full of sublime and noble thoughts, hardly equalled in any author, a cold love scene excepted, which only proves it to have arisen from a physical cause. But it may be questioned whether this is a loss to us or not. The Italians attribute to their hero an excess of the passion of love, which they think is the support of all his virtues and great qualities, instead of representing this excess as a weakness into which he is drawn by too great a propensity to pleasure.

Since the reciprocal influence of the manners and passions are so great, it would be a study worthy of a statesman and a philosopher, to read the works of the love-painters of the different nations and ages of the world, and to compare their pictures of that passion with the manners of those nations and their governments.

Romances, so despised, and in general so contemptible, may, after that enquiry, be of infinite utility. If we may credit *Brantorie*, one of the greatest expeditions of those modern times was caused by an amour. — Love and gallantry have frequently thrown whole countries into flames, and proved the real causes of the war, very different from those assigned in manifestos, instructions, and instruments, preserved in the archives of princes.

I hope,

I hope, my dear mama, you will prevail on my sister Hamilton to give me her real opinion of my opera: I am afraid some of the prelude-bases are too long, especially when repeated—For you have often told me prelude-bases are only to begin the subject of the air, and do not show any composition (which consists in the union of parts;) so that if they are not artfully worked afterwards with the voice-part, they are no proof of skill, but only of invention.

The Duke of Surry, though a man of very superior abilities, thinks it better to unbend in the hours of relaxation with women, (whom he considers only as pretty toys,) than with the men, who might be apt to talk *sense*, when he would only hear *nonsense*. Nor is his Grace at all singular; at present men think it a necessary ingredient in their

discourse to us, that it should want every solid charm with which understanding would invest it; consequently any advantages that could arise from associating with them is lost to us.

We were last night with the Duchess at *Venice Preserved*: does not my dear mother think that the passions are finely touched in it, though perhaps there is something to be desired both in the foundation of them, and in the height and elegance of expression? I will not defend every thing in this play; but nature is there, which is the greatest beauty.

My aunt Bloom is really grown very whimsical; she mistakes the most absurd prostitution of strong expressions, upon trivial subjects, for sublimity of thought; and seems to think a consent of passion with the vulgar, would impair

pair the dignity of her character; she is therefore continually finding fault with the present age, and dislikes almost every woman she sees, if she's young or handsome. Since we came to town, she will not condescend to talk like other people, and seems afraid of being understood, seeking the most bombast words to express the most simple things. Our servants must have recourse to interpreters to decypher her commands.

She is delighted with any ill-natured report. Is it not a symptom of a depraved heart to suspect the most indifferent action to be criminal? Those people are not enough ashamed of their own crimes, who have so many blushes to spare for the faults of others. She's sorry—hopes in God it is not true,—but is resolved, in the mean time, to give the story its pass, that at least it may

may have fair play to take its fortune in the world.

My uncle repeatedly tells her, but without effect, that the continual aversions of the mind are symptoms of its indisposition, as the dislike of food is a sign of the ill temperament of the body.

I was going the other day to hire a French maid-servant, who dressed hair remarkably well.—My aunt would not admit of it, because she was a Roman Catholic. I took the liberty of remonstrating to her, how convenient it would be to have a hair-dresser in the house,—and assured her our faith was in no danger; but her ideas are so confined that she would not hear of it. Is it not good for a state, my dear mother, that there should be different religions in it. The members of the tolerated religion commonly make themselves more useful to their country,

country, than those of the established religion; because being excluded from all honours, they can only render themselves considerable by their opulence, and are led to acquire it by their industry.

My sisters join me in best affections to papa, and I ever am, my dear mama,
 your obliged,
 and affectionate daughter,
 SUSAN DANVERS.

LETTER X.

From the Marquis of EPSOM, to Sir
 JOHN BOLTON.

DEAR BOLTON,

AS you are now going to Bath, I
 have a request to make, the ex-
 ecution of which I know will give you
 great

great pleasure, from your friendship for me.

I have repined at your silence for some time past, and yet would not come to an *eclaircissement*. How many uneasy minutes does our pride produce us ! As persons have become stupid by imitating too assiduously the gestures of folly, so have I become inconsiderate from falling in with the humour of my associates. But although I neglected your friendly counsels, I have been more *weak* than *wicked*, and more *frail* than *culpable*. Happy are those who go on for a time inadvertently, if, when they reflect, they find not reason to reproach themselves.

You know Miss ——, who is now at Bath, has lived with me for sixteen months, and I have every reason to believe her happiness depends on the continuation

tinuation of my passion, which is *now no more*. I feel sensibly for what she must suffer; but it is absolutely necessary for my future plans our connection should be at an end. To see grief painted on her fine face, or expressed in her words, would affect me very sensibly; and I look forward to the uneasiness she will suffer on my account, with anguish of heart. It is with the utmost concern I can resolve to give pain to one who deserves every thing from me.

I have *out-lived* my *attachment* for her, but I can never *out-live* the *sentiments of humanity*, which should never end but with *life itself*.

Will you, my dear Bolton, break this matter to her with the greatest gentleness, lest it should wound her sensibility. In a pecuniary way it cannot affect her; I rendered her independent before she
lived

lived with me. As she was connected with Lord Filligree before me, I should be acquitted at the tribunal of the world; but that is not sufficient for me! My feelings for her are yet *too strong* not to tincture my mind with disquietude, if my estrangement should produce in her any symptoms of despair: and I must know her mind is restored to tranquillity before I can deliver myself over to a new passion, and before I can address the woman I adore. True love, as it can never be inspired by any thing but the opinion of *real merit*, is ever founded more on the *perfections of the mind*, than the *charms of the person*: and it can never be wholly self-interested, as the securing the happiness of the person beloved is always one of the chief ends it proposes. I must therefore know well the situation of my *own heart*, before I can

can hazard the happiness of an amiable woman, by involving her in *my extravagancies*.

Are there not, my dear friend, some secret and unknown cases, some exquisite and sympathetic qualities, either mental or corporeal, which attract, by a subtle and irresistible energy, certain persons whom a congeniality of soul has formed to delight each other? There is a wide difference between heat of blood, and the glowing ardour of a well regulated affection; between the tumultuary starts and fallies of the animal spirits, and the calm flame of love. The last, I think, I feel very sensibly for Lady Julian Danvers.—To the greatest beauty and elegance of person, she has the finest understanding, and the most exquisite sensibility: this quality is not confined to any particular attitude, feature,

feature, or look, but is diffused all over her, and may be as perceptibly discerned in the movement of her hand, as in the changes of her eye. I enjoy the happiness of sitting beside her, of regarding every alteration in her countenance, and attending to the accents of her tongue.

But you must have perceived all this ! I flatter myself she is not insensible to my silent homage ; more truly flattering than a volume of compliments.

Love has no alliance with loquacity : wit and passion are intirely inconsistent—when the affections are moved there is no room for the imagination ; and none but narrow souls find limits in love.

I have shewn your friend Mr. Otway all the attention in my power : I do not believe he has a fault, except that of appearing what *he is not.*

Born

Born with simplicity, courtesy, and a moderate understanding; if he had not pretended to superiority he had escaped the mortification of seeing himself ridiculous. I do not imagine he can profit by the opportunities the great connections his money affords him.

Certain privileges are only suited to particular characters, and can never produce any good effect, unless they derive their power from some in-bred gift, and flow directly from the genuine source of nature.

There is nothing so ridiculous as imitating others, in either what is inconsistent with our genius, or above our capacities. Is it not as absurd as to see knives, axes, scissars, and saws represented in a metal (gold) which can bear no edge. Different abilities must find different tasks. It was a very judi-

cious observation of the *Duke de Rochefoucault*, that we never expose ourselves from our *real*, but from our *affected* character: for this reason a man should always consider his particular genius, and never let his vanity get the better of his judgment. Wycherly, one of the best of our comic writers, left the drama, where he had acquired so great and so just an applause, to write bad poetry: and Congreve, who will always be esteemed by those who have a polite taste in comedy, could not forbear writing a tragedy little better than those of our worst writers.—This leads me, my dear Bolton, to assure you, it was not from being *inebriated* in *pleasures* that prevented me from attempting (as you insinuated) to distinguish myself in Parliament, but from a knowledge of my *deficiency of talents*. And lest I should happen

happen to succeed no better than *Aësop's* ass in the fable, who, exposed himself to ridicule, by pretending to imitate the tricks of the lap-dog.

Genius is like soil. When the Dutch began to form their vineyards at the Cape of Good-Hope, they procured plants from those cantons which enjoyed the greatest reputation for their vines; but after many fruitless attempts to produce, at the extremity of Africa, the wines of Burgundy and Champagne, they applied to rearing the plants transported from Spain, the Canaries, and the Levant, where the climate is more analogous to the Cape.

Indifference for the esteem and approbation of men is commonly a secret reproach of conscience, which does itself justice, but finds itself *worthy of it*.

Tully says, “ it was the concurrent approbation of the *good*, the uncorrupted applause of the *wise*, that animated the most generous pursuits of the ancient Greeks and Romans.” They who have lost the fear of being contemned, most generally deserve to be so. And he who can acquiesce in another’s thinking meanly of him, betrays an equal want of regard *for him*, and of respect to *himself*. With this view, my dear friend, I acquaint you with my sentiments. — Were I of mean extraction, to fail either in a *public* reputation, or *private* virtue, — the disgrace attending it would only be *local*: but if one of my high rank, degenerates from the steps of his ancestors, he not only stains the honour of his pedigree, and makes no progress, but also loses what is *already* acquired.

The

The great and virtuous actions of progenitors look with a two-fold aspect upon their posterity ; for when the vices or weakness of the latter appear in the same degree of opposition with the merits of the first, the praise of the father becomes a satire upon the son, and that title which was the glory of one, turns to a severe libel upon the other.

I depend not on the applause of the vulgar ; such, indeed, by deviating from the political sense of words, have their sight strangely dazzled by looking up at things, though ever so little *above* them. They are apt enough, though persons of tolerable good sense, if in middle life, to be deceived in their notions of people of a certain rank, who, like other idols, are worshipped—because *they are not known*. The title of Lord conveys to persons, without re-

flection, a superiority in natural endowments, as well as fortune; it not only gives a sanction to all the silly things that a Lord himself may utter, but, such is the power of nobility, it elevates them into *sense*; and the inconsiderate judges conclude, “*it is not he that nods, but they that dream.*”—With *such only* has the talents of your friend any chance of receiving suffrage,—an applause his mind is superior to being flattered by. And too often, by aiming at things above us, we lose those which are our undoubted right. I shall impatiently wait your answer, and am ever, with great esteem,

dear Bolton,

yours to command,

EPSOM.

LET-

L E T T E R XI.

From Sir JOHN BOLTON, Baronet, to
the Marquis of EPSOM.

Bath.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOU know well my opinion of women *in general*, and of your late mistress *in particular*, which led me to remonstrate to you upon that subject, as I plainly saw your reason was bubbled by your affection: but I soon found how unavailing it was, remained silent, and formed this conclusion from that adventure: that to undertake the cure of a lover, is perhaps the next weakness to the *being one*.

The passion of love is a pretty amusement, I grant you, for the *heart*; but when once it gets up into the *head*, it is dan-

gerous indeed. Not but its effects are different, in different constitutions; though perhaps a species of madness in all. Its essence is made up of contradictions, and there is nothing *so great*, or *so mean*, that it will not attempt. In the breast of the hero it is many times an incitement to virtue, or something that looks very much like it. In little souls it creeps, and fawns, and lies, and betrays.

Love is no longer a pleasure than when it is a jest. To love, and to be in love with any thing, are things as different as good sense and impertinence. When we once go beyond bare liking, we are in danger of parting with good sense; In consequence of this, some time ago, I followed the advice of Cicero; I divided it, and supported my politics by a change of object:

ject; like a king of Persia, who, to weaken the current of the Ganges, cut this river into small streams: but after having tried all sorts of pleasures, found, by experience, that all enjoyments are productive of pain, in proportion as they are exquisite, therefore resolved to lead a more regular life; and my scheme has been to insure happiness by the constant and diligent avoidance of satiety. However difficult this may be at first, yet perseverance will insure us success at last. Every *conquest*, over our passions, will facilitate an *easier one*: custom is equally forcible to *bad* and *good*. Nature will be always at variance with reason, but will rebel more feebly as she is oftner subdued. To know how scandalous some engagements are, we must consider them in others. Self-love is a kind of veil that covers the ignominy of those passions

fions that are dear to us. In drawing the picture of those who have the same follies, we may conclude we are not more favourably treated. When conviction is present, and temptation out of sight, we do not easily conceive how any reasonable being can deviate from his true interest. The whole soul yields itself then to truth, and readily determines to do *what*, when the time of action comes, *will be at last omitted*. I was lately much pleased with a fable I met with. “A cat having devoured a favourite bird, over-heard her mistress threatening death the moment she could find her!—In this distress she preferred a prayer to Jupiter, vowing if he would deliver her from her present danger, that *never while she lived*, would she eat *another bird*. A bat soon after most invitingly flew into the room, upon

upon puss purring in the window.—The difficulty was how to act upon so tempting an occasion: *appetite* pressed hard on the one side, and the *vow* on the other.—At length a distinction removed all difficulties, by leading her to this determination, that as a bird, it was an unlawful prize, but as a mouse she might conscientiously eat it.” Such is human nature. Hannibal, who overcame at Cannæ, was enslaved by pleasure at Capua. Among the Lacedæmonians, whenever a man violated his promise, they never punished him for it, but the woman he loved. Sensible of this truth, and my own frailty, I conducted myself according to the advice of Bacon, “He that endeavours (says he) to free himself from an ill habit, must not change *too much* at a time, lest he should be discouraged by difficulty, nor

too little, for he then would make but slow advances." This great task I have happily accomplished.—I am now master of my time, my sentiments,—in short, I am now master of myself! and I am convinced, did we take the same pains to *get rid* of our passions as to *disguise them*—we should find *a cure* for them. Not that I am of the opinion of those who are for driving the tender passions from the human breast. They are *all of use*; and, under proper regulations, have a right to be heard. They smooth and temper the rough and fiercer ones, (which perhaps are by far the more mischievous of the two,) introduce those friendly and benign sensations, which serve to correct our *very virtues*; and by relaxing, or softening the movements we have in common with other machines, pour all the powers

ers of harmony through the soul. *With them* we are sometimes more than *human*; *without them* *savages*.

Your passion for Lady Juliana Danvers does you honour; would I were equally happy! I should have answered that part of your letter concerning which you were so much interested first, but have not yet seen Miss _____: I go there in half an hour. I honour your goodness of heart; how different is the conduct of most others?—when a man discards his mistress, hatred succeeds, and the object entirely changes; the few beauties that remain in her are obscured, *elegance* becomes *deformity*, and by a kind of prodigy, *hatred* degrades an object, as much as *love* exalts it; and, like wicked Ammon, “*the hatred wherewith he hateth her, is greater than the love wherewith he has loved her.*”

I have

I have seen Miss ——, I congratulate you most heartily ; she sets out for the German Spa with her old lover to-morrow morning : I had no occasion to open my embassy to her, for she acquainted me of her intention immediately, laughed heartily at your credulity, and ironically said, she was afraid your Lordship would commit some rash act, *on her account*. I answered, that I believed few die for love now-a-days, unless we may properly assert, that when love dethrones reason, though it leaves the *lover alive*, it destroys his *better part*.

Were your present elevated passion out of the question, I should not deplore your loss, who by *losing* your mistress would, by that means, have *recovered yourself*.

I am now, my good Lord, once more going to hazard being officious ; but

but “I do not love my friend (says Seneca) if I fear to offend him.” If I take too great a liberty, recollect there are few so generous as to risk losing the friendship of a person they regard, rather than see him take a false step. I have already told you, I honour the object of your passion——but I hope no cause *whatever* will prevent you from making that figure in life which you are capable of, if you chuse to exert yourself, or thought yourself sufficient for. You are too humble respecting your own talents. There are many people in the world who, one might imagine, have reason to accuse nature of partiality in her distribution of sense, when, in truth, their own negligence is the only cause of their want of information. Natural sense may be improved into great facility of comprehension, a sound

judg-

judgment, and, at last, an enlightened understanding. But this can never be affected without a laborious perseverance; as it is impossible to attain *the end*, without labouring through *the means*. Rules are best learned by time, and study affords art to the meanest capacity.

It is an observation of some celebrated writers, that no one is born without a capacity; but that the stupidity of men is owing to nothing else but neglect of proper discipline and education in their youth, which gives an opportunity of contracting the most untoward habits. There is not a foible that may not be corrected by resolute application. The rational brutes shew us what effect discipline has upon them. The instinct of dogs carries them impetuously in pursuit of their game; and yet

yet one can teach a dog to stand at the scent of a partridge. We bring the most unruly horse to suffer himself to be mounted. They are broke for the manege, for war, and other exercises very difficult to learn. A mind sagacious in the smallest degree, easily solves certain abstract questions with which it has been conversant for some time.

It is then surprising to think how readily it gives the solution of them, notwithstanding the numberless obstacles which oppose its progress. On the contrary, if you propose to a genius of the first class a question, which may be solved with little difficulty, and about which he has been little conversant, he will hesitate *like a dunce*.

Newton, whose sagacious mind soared to heaven with a bold and rapid flight, and discovered the system of the

universe, was as ignorant in religious matters, as any among the vulgar ; and it is certain they who apply themselves to the study of enigmas, unravel them much more readily than the most subtle philosophers. Your Lordship has admirable good sense, and only requires a little application to enable you to make a shining figure in life.

If we aim at nothing more than the acquisition of little agreeable talents, the soul remains confined within that narrow circle of little things. I grant, that a great man to be agreeable *now*, must put on the appearance of frivolity. It is demanded of the most sublime talents to be amiable, and that by the help of arbitrary graces, the acquisition of which requires time. But we must take care this does not lead us too far ! It requires a superior strength of mind, not to

to be dragged along by the torrent of bad example, and not be seduced to acquire an easy merit, instead of that which costs so much labour; and to neglect that taste for virtue which requires so much culture, and not to be more afraid of the imputation of ridicule, than of the reproaches of vice.

There are many noble subjects of enquiry which well deserve our attention. The desire of knowledge is the strongest in the noblest minds; but comparatively small is the progress that a man is capable of making by his own unassisted ability, within the short compass of the present life; and therefore be his abilities ever so great, he will need the assistance of others, and ought to be very thankful for it. We must indeed make use of our own reason, but we ought also to take in all the helps, and

advantages we can get; and he that is careful to improve those helps which are afforded him, and who, without submitting implicitly to the judgment and opinion of others, endeavours to make the best use he can of their labours and studies, as well as of his own thoughts, is in a far more likely way of improving his knowledge, than he, who, from a vain confidence in his own judgment, despises and rejects those helps. A man of this kind was Epicurus, who boasted all his knowledge was of his own acquiring.

You have often alledged, that the faculties of the mind depend upon physical causes; and that therefore yours, from your extreme delicacy, must be deficient: but were I to admit of this in its utmost signification, Mr. Locke says, we reason much better and with more

more perspicuity, when we observe only the connection of proofs, without methodizing our thoughts, or forming them into syllogisms.

Speculative learning is of no farther use than to form us for action. The scene of life is short and full of business, and we have no time to waste in argument and sophistry; all the cavilings of the schools are idle and superfluous: they crowd the *head*, but do not mend the *heart*. I have been always fonder of that kind of study, which may best supply contemplation with hints for the œconomy of common life. The most elaborate theory instructs but imperfectly, and would be but of very little use to a man who would never practise. As to possess theoretically the rules of the art of music, would be of very little advantage to one who was not a proficient;

the same may be said of all the arts, dependent upon the human mind. How many are there who cannot think at all, but are ever chained down to imitation, never doing any thing but what they have seen done before, nor saying any thing but what they have heard said, as if endowed with instinct only, and entirely destitute of judgment ! Yet these very men are blind, in point of their own merit, and dupes to themselves ; they remain perfectly well satisfied with indifferent talents, and envy not those of others.

The wisest man (he who has been esteemed such) countenances your Lordship's modesty. *He knew nothing.* My opinion, however, is contrary to that of Socrates ; I esteem it the part of a philosopher never to own himself ignorant of any thing. In this world we may generally pass for

for what we please : few take the trouble of analizing subjects ; and fewer still will take it upon themselves to deny you are a very sensible man, especially if they have it from such good authority as *yourself*.

But to be serious, my good Lord, let us leave it to our enemies to discover our deficiencies. Socrates's saying argued no humility, he knew he would *not be believed* ; it was like a rich man of my acquaintance who continually stuns you with his poverty, knowing well it *will not hurt his credit*. It was affectation in the philosopher ; very often, to avoid *one error*, we fall into *another*, and find *reproach* where we expected *applause*. It may be wrong to affect false praise, to seek commendation from actions that merit it not ; but so likewise is it to defraud ourselves of the honour due to us :

and to be indifferent towards an applause, to which our application has the justest claim.

Dr. Johnson says, “in every art we may gain praise, though we have not made all possible advances in it; and it seldom happens, that he who aims at the top, is not able to reach beyond the middle point.”

It was a saying of one of the philosophers, “that every one ought to do something in the world to shew they had been in it.” I hope your Lordship will take the subject of this letter into your consideration, and not waste your youth in a listless inactivity.—There is a maxim in France, never to promote officers whose patience hath languished in subaltern offices; they regard them as persons whose understandings are straitened by a narrow sphere of action,

tion, and who, accustomed to little things, are become (like women) incapable of greater. The sight, or pupil of the eye is wide or narrow as the object it is used to look upon are great or small, near, or at a distance; so the mind is enlarged or contracted by the exercise of thoughts, and according to the nature of the things with which it is intimately conversant. Believe me to be, with the great attachment, and unfeigned regard,

your humble servant,

JOHN BOLTON.

L E T T E R XII.

From the Countess of DANVERS, to
Lady HAMILTON.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

I HAVE the pleasure to tell you your father is rather better. Your sisters are gone to London, accompanied by my brother the General, and Mrs. Bloom.

You may believe I do not depend much upon my sister, but greatly upon the good sense of Susan and Juliana; I make no doubt but they will do credit to their *petite Mere*, as they used to call you, although only six years older than the eldest. I very readily acknowledge my obligations to you, and am convinced they acquired more from you than myself. Girls are apt, contrary

trary as it may seem to reason, to be more influenced by the opinion of young people of their own age, than by that of persons whose experience certainly gives them a better right to form judgments; but they have a sort of natural repugnance in being dictated to, even by those who have an authority to do it; and as age gives a superiority, every thing that comes from it carries a sort of air of prescribing, which they are surprisingly inclined to reject. I have sent you an English opera of Susan's composing, and shall be glad of your opinion of it: I have no opportunity of judging of it myself at present. I have desired my daughter to have music frequently at home, and to perform in concert: she assures me Fanny has a very great turn for it; but will not apply: you know she will never be taught any thing—

—and yet seems to know every thing by intuition. Her turn for designing is surprising ; yet whatever she does is contrary to all rules. I have often thought her sister's great proficiency in music discourages her attempt to emulate her excellency, as yours did Susan ; but that is no part of Fanny's character, She cares not how much every one excels her.—After Susan has been singing with a wonderful execution, having a clear *soprano* voice, a pure intonation, and a fine shake ; and that Juliana has been captivating her hearers, by her tender expression, which insensibly touches the heart ; Fanny laughs at them both, and warbles forth her wild notes like the untaught nightingale : her style is peculiar, and pleases : what is natural at least cannot offend. She has an excellent

lent shake, a good expression, and facility of executing and articulating rapid and difficult divisions, that is astonishing. I have already told you of Mademoiselle le Reillet; I shall have great pleasure in making you acquainted: except in music, I know nothing in which she does not equal you; judge then of my opinion of her.

She has just finished a very fine picture.—The subject is the noble behaviour of Sir Philip Sidney to a common soldier in equal distress. After having received his death's wound on the field of battle, being faint with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was immediately brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had been wounded at the same time, wishfully casting up his eyes to the bottle:

bottle: Sir Philip took it from his own mouth before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, saying, "thy necessity is yet greater than mine." Mademoiselle le Reillet has received every instruction from able masters, but they alone who have been inspired at their birth with some portion of that heavenly fire which was stolen by Prometheus, are capable of excelling in this fine art.

As soon as you are perfectly recovered, and that the weather is good enough for travelling, we shall expect to see you, and hope you'll bring all your little ones with you. My Lord joins me in best wishes to Sir Henry, and Colonel Danvers, if with you; and I ever am, my dear daughter,

your affectionate mother,

W. DANVERS.

LET

LETTER XIII.

From Lady HAMILTON, to the Countess of DANVERS.

Hamilton-Lodge.

MY DEAR MAMA,

IMOST sincerely rejoice in my dear father's finding any relief from his complaints. Nothing but my situation could have prevented us so long from coming to Danver's Place.——I hope in some months time to enjoy that happiness—to embrace a dear father and beloved mother I owe every thing to. My child is still at the breast: I am quite of the opinion of Queen Blanche, of Castile, mother of St. Lewis, who complained bitterly of a lady who gave the little Lewis her breast (when the Queen was indisposed) that *any one should presume*

sume to divide with her the rights of a mother. I never see my little girl, but I think such were the tender sentiments, the sweet anxieties, that my beloved mother felt for me; for though you only condescended to honour me with that name, by what means can I evince my affection to my own off-spring, but by those you shewed me and my brother.

The Colonel is in this part of the country recruiting: every body is charmed with him, and my dear Henry perfectly doats on him: he is no less pleased with my husband and my little ones. I find Sir Henry by nature is open and liberal to excess. I must take care, without his being conscious of it, to be a gentle check upon his bounteous spirit; I mean only so far as it regards myself, for in every other point his generosity is regulated by prudence.

I am

I am much obliged for the music you sent me from Italy. You ask my opinion of the opera of ——, composed by Lady Susan. In obedience to your commands I obey, though confident how much I must hazard in doing it. The symphonies in many places seem to me to be perplexed, and not made to pursue any subject or point. The overture of —— ought to be great and noble; instead of which I find only a hurry of instruments, not proper (in my humble opinion,) and without any design; and I am afraid irregular in the composition, as far as I can conceive.

The last air of —— begins too clearly for the words. It is in D sharp, from which it varies (in another movement of time) to B flat 3d, and so ends, without returning to the same key,

either flat or sharp.—This being one continued air (though in two movements of time) is it allowable? I am sure it is not usual: for though the passage is natural, the closing in that manner is, I believe, always disallowed.

I think the words in general naturally enough expressed, and in some places pathetically; but, my dear mama, have you not instructed me, that this is not the whole mystery of setting, and that it is as possible to express words naturally and pathetically in a very faulty composition, as it is to hit a likeness in a bad picture?

If the music, without the words, does not prove itself by the rules of composition, which relates to the harmony and motion of different notes at the same time, the notes in the singing parts will not suffice, though they express the words ever so naturally.

Is not this properly the art of composition, in which there is room to shew admirable skill, abstracted from the words, and in which the rules for the union of sounds are a kind of syntax, from which no one is allowed to err? I am very far, however, from agreeing with one of the French musicians, who undertook to turn a gazette into an opera, without its being discovered.

I never was more out of conceit with music than at present; Sir Henry keeps a band at a great expence, with a view entirely to please me: and they must surely be of a very churlish disposition who are not pleased, where a manifest desire to oblige is conspicuous in every word and action. I have laid it down as a rule, never to oppose so good, so kind a husband, in any instance wherein I do not think a superior duty re-

quires me, otherwise I should undoubt-
edly disapprove of it; as the very
great expences he is entered into in
search of a coal, which (he is flattered)
is on his estate, considerably lessens our
income. My amiable sister, Miss Ha-
milton, is not at present with me: her
engaging wit, joined to the most pleas-
ing charms of conversation, and the po-
liteness of her manners, always equally
sweet and graceful, procure her as many
admirers as beholders.

She will attend me to Danvers Place.
I am tenderly attached to her, and
therefore tremble for her fate in life:
disposed to think favourably of every
body, she knows neither suspicion nor
distrust. It is by her own sincerity she
judges of others. What rule of judg-
ment can be more deceitful than this?
to judge others by the best heart in the
world.

world. I was quite low for a few days after she left Hamilton Lodge; but we can have but *one friend* to share our heart, to whom we can have no resource, and whose loss is irreparable.—Such was my separation from my dear mama, when I quitted you at Paris; although under the protection of the man I loved, what did I not suffer? Bidding adieu to my more than parent, who had kindly lavished so much tenderness, goodness, and attention on me; and who had directed my very thoughts for fifteen years. Indeed, my beloved madam, my heart overflows with gratitude, respect, and veneration for you; and my sensations will never be less lively! I felt, at the instant I left you, as if I even could have sacrificed my beloved Henry himself rather than leave you. An agreeable acquaintance is no farther

necessary to us than as it contributes to enliven solitude, and obtains a preference to others merely by comparison, and is a loss easily supplied : but your absence I must ever lament, and my distance from you. My sisters have all written to me; in the midst of their London amusements they have remembered me, which is really more than I expected from Lady Fanny ; but I always told you, my dear mama, that her extreme gaiety and playfulness were not so much to be feared as you apprehended : is it not accompanied with the tenderest and best heart ?

I have been always very candid with Lady Susan concerning her compositions ; and as I ever made it a point to be perfectly sincere with those dear sisters of my heart, I flatter myself she will continue her indulgence to

my

my freedom ; perhaps I have been too officious, but she will pardon me, since I have been only representing to her what I suppose may have been her own thoughts since upon it.

I am very glad your health continues so good : you talk of twenty years back as if they were so many months : twenty years would be a century in your life, unless you calculate according to the *Egyptian chronology*, and reckon each new moon for a year. I flatter myself my father and your Ladyship will return with us to Scotland : we have a most delightful seat, and I may truly say, nothing is wanting to my happiness (as I have already said) but your presence. I regretted much Sir Henry's apprehensions and tenderness for me, induced him not to continue our jaunt with you to Italy : you were

so kind as write me a particular account of what pleased you most. When you favour us with your company, you will perhaps see some things also worthy of your observation; I shall only mention one to you, *the chapel of Roslin*, which in some old writs is called Roskelyn* :—It is near Edinburgh, situated on a rising-ground, charmingly beautified with wood, water, and rocks; the Esk gliding along the west and south foot of the hill; some trees below rustling their boughs across the purling stream; others aloft waving their curling tops in the clouds; and the flinty rocks getting out here and there between the trees, shew their ragged forms and depending heads, and serve to complete the delightfully variegated

* A word in the Erse language, signifying a glen, exactly descriptive of the situation of the place.

landscape:

landscape:—a place formed by nature for heavenly contemplation. The church-yard is surrounded with a good wall of stone, on the north-side of which you enter by a door, whose pilasters and architrave are adorned with sculpture of flower-work. On the middle of the architrave is placed a stone cut into an equilateral triangle, on which are carvings resembling network; no doubt there have been other ornamental stones placed on each side of this triangle, and perhaps on the top of it, which is a little flat, as there are some such stones, resembling pieces of lesser pillars, or spires, lying at the foot of this entry into the church-yard.

The chapel is all of free-stone, and is reckoned one of the most curious pieces of old Gothic workmanship in Europe, having on the north side twelve turrets,

or

or spires; seven lower arising on the face of the outer wall, and five higher arising from the top of it, and placed exactly behind an equal number of the lower; the other two of which are placed nigh and at the east end of the wall, making up the north part of the outside of the altar. The lower and higher spires are united by two short segments of an arch, a long segment passing from each higher spire to the top of the inner wall. Upon each of these spires, both lower and higher, there are several niches for statues; but there are none in them at present. However the pedestals are still extant, curiously cut out into antique and grotesque figures in *basso reliefo*; such as an old man with a beard, in a posture as if collecting his strength, with the head uppermost; another with the feet uppermost;

permost; a fox carrying off a goose, and a man pulling hard to take the prey from the fox; a monkey or baboon, and one of them here and there hugging a puppy in its bosom; a cat, &c. &c.

There are five large arched windows below in the outer wall, with a pillar, or column, rising in the middle of each, and waving to the top of the arch in various shapes, some circular, others semi-circular, &c. so that not one waving on the top of a pillar is like another.

All these windows are finely carved even on the outside, particularly on the arches with foliage, &c. having niches on the jambs, in which probably there have been statues formerly, the pedestals of which are still remaining.

There are five lesser arched windows above, reaching almost to the top of the inner

inner-wall, which appear to have had a pillar in the middle of each.

On the east end, or altar, there are five lower spires, with niches for statues, all adequate to those of the same model on the north side, with four large windows; a pillar raised in the middle of each, as in the windows below in the north side, but differing from those in the various wavings on the tops of the arches, as well as from each other.——

The pedestals on which the statues have been placed, are all curiously wrought in sculpture of antique and grotesque figures in *basso rielievo*, varying from one another, and from those on the north side.

The south side is exactly the same with the north, as to the number and proportion of spires and windows; in the many ornaments of which still the same wild

wild agreeable variety is most carefully observed. There are spouts at proper distances for letting the rain run down from the roofs, cut into various shapes, as the body of a lion, the head of an old man, &c.

The high roof is arched, and well covered with flag-stones.—The entry into this grand and sacred structure is by two doors, one on the south, the other on the north side: no person can enter into it, who has any reflection, without being struck with reverential awe at its august appearance. It is decorated with pillars which delight the eye by a variety of aspects, and which have had their invention from good perspective, Tuscan, Rustic, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and the composite, or Italic.

The

The height of the chapel within, from the floor to the top of the high arched roof is 40 feet 8 inches.

Breadth 34 feet, 8 inches.

Length 68 feet.

At the south-east corner you go down four steps to a flat, having on each hand a plain square nich in the wall, from which flat you descend twenty steps more into a subterraneous chapel, which has been likewise the sacristy and vestry, whose height cannot be so exactly ascertained, as the floor is very uneven with rubbish and stones. This sacristy is only subterraneous at the entry, being all above ground, occasioned by the sudden declivity of the ground. There is only one window in it, which is in the east wall, and is arched and large, but without any pillar in the middle of it. Here, no doubt, there has

has been an altar, though there be no vestige of one now.

On the top of the entry, which is an arch, down to the sacristy, is the high altar, 2 feet 7 inches, by two steps up from the south end of the large altar, with a beautiful font above it in the south wall. On the high altar upon the east wall is built something like a seat about two feet high, which, perhaps, may have been a side altar-table.

The low, or large altar is one step up, though perhaps more formerly, from the floor of the chapel, of 6 inches and an half. It is in breadth 11 feet 3 inches. Length 26 feet 10 inches and an half.

The roof of the altar, composed of four double arches, not being so high as that of the chapel by one half, the height of it, from the floor to the tops

tops of the double arches within, is 15 feet.

There are seven pillars or columns on the north side from end to end, including the pillar on the west wall, to which is cut out in *basso reliefo*, and as many on the south side.— There are likewise two pillars exactly in the middle of the chapel, proceeding from the top up to the altar westward.

The height of each pillar, including base and capital, is the exact fourth of the whole height of the chapel from the floor to the top of the high arched roof.

Each range of pillars from the opposite wall to the center of the colonade or range, is distant eight feet two inches; from the centre of each of the two pillars in the middle, proceeding from the face of the altar westward to the centre of the pillars on each hand, north and south,

south, nine feet two inches; diameter of the shaft of each pillar at the middle point, between base and capital, is two feet four inches; therefore the circumference must be seven feet.

The three pillars on the face of the altar have opposite to them on the east wall, or back of the altar, three smaller pillars cut in *basso reliefo*; and each range of pillars from east to west has on the opposite wall an equal number of smaller pillars, cut out in the same way, each large pillar being united to its smaller opposite by an architrave, excepting the three columns on the fore-part of the altar, which are united to their smaller opposites by an arch, as all the large ones are from east to west, except some few which I shall presently take notice of.—Every one of the three smaller pillars on the back of the

altar has a nich on each side of its capital, in which formerly a statue has been placed.—At the back of the altar on the east wall, are three risings like seats, each of them about two feet high, which perhaps have been so many side altar-tables.

All the ornaments are in *basso reliefo*, or cut out of the solid stone, as not one of the statues that were in the niches, either within or without, are now to be seen.

Each architrave is united to the opposite architrave by a broad arch, every one of which arches is carved in like manner as the roof of the sacristy:— and these arches, from architrave to architrave, form the roof between the outer and the inner wall, both on the north and south sides.

All the capitals of the pillars are finely cut into flower-work, foliage, or chaplets.

The key-stone of the double arch immediately above the high altar, or the entry down to the sacristy, is pendent above two feet two inches in a piece of fine foliage.

In the window at the back of the back of the high altar, directly opposite to the said key-stone, in the south-east corner of the chapel, on each pilaster or jamb, are two cherubs.—In this and every one of the lower windows, there is a representation of a tower on each jamb. As also on each pilaster of the lower windows there is a nich for a statue, and the pedestal, for most part, cut out into a cherub.

The first and principal pillar of the whole, placed at the adjoining corner of

the low and high altar is commonly called the apprentice's pillar; but by Slezar, in his *Theatrum Scotiæ*, the prince's pillar.—It has on the base of it several dragons in the strongest or first kind of *basso reliefo*, as one can easily thrust a finger or two between some parts of the dragons and the base. The dragons are chained by the heads, and twisted into one another.—This beautiful pillar has round it from base to capital, waving in the spiral way, four wreaths of the most curious sculpture of flower-work and foliage, the workmanship of each being different, and the center of each wreath distant from that of the neighbouring one a foot and a half. So exquisitely fine are these wreathings, that they can be compared to nothing but the finest lace. The ornaments upon the capital of this pillar,

I must

I must refer to another place, because they have a connection with other adjoining parts, and I proceed with those of the lower altar from south to north. The key stone of the second double arch above the south end of the large altar, depends as the former one, in a piece of foliage. The window opposite to the said key-stone, is ornamented with cherubs, as the one already described. — The middle pillar on the fore part of the altar, has its capital cut into fleurs-de-luce in the first kind of *basso reliefo*, so as some parts of the sculpture are quite free of the pillar, and the light is seen through the openings. On this capital are cherubs playing on different instruments of music, viz. psalters, &c. The architrave joining the said pillar to the second middle pillar, down from the altar westward,

has on both sides only foliage. Upon or above the capital of this second pillar there is a hare eating a cabbage, and an elephant, besides some human figures defaced. The key-stone of the third double arch is pendent as the two former ones, but ends in a representation of the star in the east at our Saviour's birth; on the south point of which stands the Virgin Mother, with the babe in her arms. On her right hand, being the next point of the star, is the manger, and round from that on the other points are the wise-men from the east, each of them having a long rod or staff in his hand.——Each corner of the window, opposite to the star, has three cherubs (besides those which have been pedestals of statues on the back of the altar, four of which are in sight of the star) with a scroll waving up and down

from

from hand to hand, representing, perhaps the angelic declaration of the birth of the Messias to the shepherds, and the heavenly choir, *praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.*

The key-stone of the fourth and last double arch, above the large altar, depends in length as the former ones, and is a piece of foliage. Two sides of this double arch, with your face towards the north-west, represents the resurrection, by people rising out of their graves like skeletons, and improving into proper forms placed close to the skeletons. In the opposite window, being the fourth in the altar, north-east corner of the chapel, there are two cherubs with scrolls as above, and four without them. I must now carry you from east

to west, betwixt the north wall and the north colonade.

In the first window in the north wall, being above the north end of the altar, there are two cherubs, each at the setting on of the arch of the window.

Upon the capital of the first pillar there are cherubs playing on musical instruments, one particularly on the bag-pipe, in the Highland way, by blowing with the mouth, and a cherub having a book spread open before him. On the architrave joining the first pillar to the second, with your face to the south, you see Samson taking hold of the two pillars, and pulling down the house upon the Philistines; and on the architrave joining the second pillar to its smaller opposite one on the north wall, with your face to the west, you see the Philistines lying dead, so that these two architraves

architraves are rectangular to one another, and thereby mighty expressive of their design.

Upon the capital of the second pillar there are baskets in foliage; and on the outside of one of them there is a human figure lying along at full length: in the second window are four cherubs and foliage.

Upon the capital of the smaller pillar on the north wall, opposite to the second large pillar, there is a coat of arms supported by two men lying along, and almost kneeling: in the third window, there are four cherubs in foliage.

Upon the floor, precisely between the second and third pillars, there is a rough draught of a man in armour on a coarse flat stone, with his hands lifted up and joined together as in prayer, with.

with a grey-hound at his feet, and a lion rampant at each ear.

Upon the capital of the third pillar there is an elephant, a head of a serpent, &c.

On the architrave from the third pillar to its opposite small one on the wall, there is only foliage. Upon the capital of said small pillar, there is an ensign armorial supported by two men lying along, almost kneeling. In the fourth window are two cherubs, and two antique heads and foliage. Upon the capital of the fourth pillar are two angels removing the stone from the door of the sepulchre, wherein our Saviour's body was laid, and two monstrous beasts, representing, perhaps, death and hell. On the architrave, betwixt the said pillar and its smaller on the wall, there is only foliage.

Next to this smaller pillar, opposite to the opening between the fourth and fifth pillars, is the north door of the chapel, which has an arched porch without, before you come to the door ; then the top of the door, on the outside, is an hyperthyron, or architrave, but on the inside it is arched, and on entering you go one step down to the floor of the chapel. Above this door there is a little window, whose form is an equilateral spherical triangle, waved into different shapes within the triangle, and adorned on the inside and outside of its perimeter, with foliage, &c.

Upon the capital of the fifth pillar is the *Mater dolorosa*, with the beloved disciple, looking at our Saviour on the cross, upon the capital of the opposite smaller pillar, with the multitude around him,

him, and the ladder up to the cross on our Saviour's left-hand.

Upon the capital of the said fifth pillar, there are likewise two monstrous beasts.

The fifth and last window in the north wall, has only foliage, and on one of the lower corners, three human figures in a group.

Upon the capital of the sixth pillar, there are two birds, one of them feeding the other, and a man grappling with a boar. The seventh pillar in the west wall, has on its capital a cherub with a scroll waved up and down from hand to hand ; and, upon the capital, two dragons intwisted. I must now return to the prince's, or apprentice's pillar, and go down from east to west, between the south wall and south range of pillars : the first window in the south wall,

immediately

immediately above the high altar and the entry down to the sacristy, has two cherubs and foliage.

Upon the capital of the prince's pillar, the side opposite the south wall, are Isaac upon the altar, and the ram below it caught in the thicket by the horns; and on the east end of the architrave, (that joins the said pillar to the second,) next to the prince's pillar, is Abraham standing, in view of the altar, with his hands lifted up in prayer: on the other, or west end of the same architrave, next to the second pillar, is a man playing on the bag-pipe, and another human figure at his right foot lying asleep.

On the architrave joining to the prince's pillar to its smaller opposite one on the south wall, with your face to the east, and to the entry of the sacristy

you

you read an inscription in Gothic characters.

The second window has four cherubs, and foliage.—Upon the capital of the second pillar, there is an antique head, and an elephant. On the east side of the architrave, which joins the second large pillar to its smaller opposite one on the south wall, with your back to the sacristy, you view the following fine figures from south to north, or from the left to the right hand. 1. A bishop cardinal. 2. A cripple, with his stilts under his arms, leading a blind-man. 3. One cloathing the naked, by throwing a garment over the head of a figure, whose naked shoulders and back are very expressive. 4. Visiting the sick in bed. 5. A woman taking care of babes, meaning, no doubt, fatherless, or orphans. 6. Feeding the hungry. 7. Burying

7. Burying the dead. 8. Another cardinal bishop, with a key, the emblem of discipline.

On the opposite side of the same architrave, with your face to the sacristy, you view the same number of figures from north to south, or from left to right. 1. A bishop with a mitre on his head, &c. 2. A man with a cloak about him, and his hands in his sides, which is supposed to be a representation of the proud Pharisee. 3. A drunkard. 4. Two gluttons. 5. A traveller. 6. The humble publican. 7. Bacchus. 8. A man and a woman embracing each other. 9. Behind the woman a devil issuing out of a monstrous mouth, representing the jaws of hell, and stretching out a paw to catch hold of them, and drag them along with him into that place of torment.

In the lower south-west corner of the third window, is the devil fitting as a pedestal of a statue, and looking up to the wine-bibber, gluttons, &c. laughing at them.

The arch of the window is ornamented with cherub above cherub, nine in all, with their wings expanded, crowns upon their heads, and each having a scroll negligently waved from hand to hand and beyond; the uppermost cherub on the key-stone is cut in a different attitude from the rest. Upon the capital of the third pillar, are an antique head and two birds.

In the fourth window two cherubs with scrolls.

Upon the capital of the fourth pillar, antique heads and a wild beast.

Upon the capital of the opposite smaller pillar, some human figures.

Nigh to this small pillar is the south door, directly opposite to the north door; this south door appears to have been the principal entry, as it is more decorated than the north door. There is an arched porch without, before you come to the door, and at each setting on of the arch, there is a cherub with a scroll waved from hand to hand, and at the top of each pilaster without, a little aside from it, there is a pretty small pillar in *basso rielievo*. The door is arched both within and without, and in entering you go down two steps to the floor of the chapel.

Above the door there is a little window whose form is an equilateral spherical triangle, waved into different shapes within the perimeter, in which it varies from the like window above the north door, and is adorned on the outside and

inside of its perimeter, with a different foliage from that of the little north window.

In the fifth and last window in the south wall, there is in the south-east corner of it a man in armour on horseback, representing, I suppose, St. George killing the Dragon ; and in the south-west corner of it a cherub with a scroll and a human figure.

On the north side of the arch, which joins the fifth and sixth pillar, are the twelve Apostles, with the ensigns of the several kinds of death they suffered, and four other human figures with like emblems.

Upon the capital of the sixth are some human figures.

The capital of the seventh pillar in the west wall is cut out into foliage extremely fine, and upon it there is a man
fitting

fitting with a broad-sword in his hand. The reason why the prince's pillar is called the apprentice's pillar, must be explained: above this pillar is exhibited a young man's head, with a scar above the right brow, representing a wound by a stroke; directly opposite to which, along the west wall, is the head of an old man, with a frowning countenance, said to be the representation of the master mason's head, who killed the apprentice out of envy by a blow on the head.

In a line with the apprentice's head, is the head of a woman weeping, supposed to be his mother mourning the fate of her son. These figures are very strong and expressive; and what illustrates the story is a tradition that has prevailed in the family of Roslin, from father to son, That a model of this beautiful pillar having been sent from Rome, the mas-

ter mason would by no means consent to make such a pillar till he should go to Rome to inspect the original from which the model had been taken; that in his absence an apprentice finished the pillar as it now stands; and that the master on his return, seeing it so exquisitely well finished, made enquiry who had done it, and being stung with envy, slew the apprentice.

Strait up from the capital of each large pillar, in the middle area of the chapel, half way up to the top of the high roof, is a nich for a statue.

Round the whole chapel within is a belt or line of a vast variety of wreathing-work, in *basso rielievo*, proceeding in an horizontal and perpendicular way, the better to humour the bottoms of the windows; but it is arched over the tops of the two doors.

The inside of the high arched roof is all cut out into squares of various figures in flower-work, roses, foliage, &c.

The west gable is extended farther than the side walls of the chapel 26 feet south, and as many north, and on the east side of each extension there are two pillars equi-distant from one another, and from each corner, which have been intended to run up into the turrets or spires; from all which it plainly appears that a much larger building has been designed to the west, of which the present chapel would have been only the choir. And indeed the marks on the west gable are very plain, from whence the side walls were to have been advanced, whose foundations have been discovered in ploughing up the ground a good way westward. These marks are about 91 feet distant from

each other, and a small part of the north wall is actually built.

Between the north and middle door, as high as their hyperthyrons, there is the figure of a man standing, and tied to a rock by his middle and ankles, with his hands tied behind his back, and having a human figure at each foot, and holding the rope with which he is tied. Of this figure it is conjectured, that it can have no other meaning, than that of St. Michael upon a rock, which receives strength from the consideration that the princely founder of this chapel was honoured with being one of the Knights of the *Cockle*, after the order of France, which, among other emblems, has a medal hung upon the breast, representing St. Michael upon a rock, whence they are called *Knights of St. Michael**. Wil-

* Hay, Vol. II. p. 294, and 319.

William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Holdenburg, Earl of Caithness, &c. &c. &c. Baron of Roslin, &c. &c. &c. the seventh of the name founded this most curious chapel, or college for a provost, six prebendaries, and two singing boys, in 1446. That this noble design might be executed according to taste, and with the greatest splendor, the Prince invited the most excellent artificers, masons, carpenters, &c. from foreign parts; and that they might be the more conveniently lodged, for carrying on the work with the greater ease and dispatch, he ordered them to build the village or town of Roslin, where it now is, and he gave each of them a house and lands in proportion to their character.

This Prince flourished in the reigns of King James I. and II. He kept a great court, and was royally served at his

table in vessels of gold. Lord Dirlton was his Master of the Horse, Lord Borthwick his Cup-bearer, and Lord Fleming his Carver. His Princess, Elizabeth Douglas, was served by 75 gentlewomen, whereof 53 were daughters of Noblemen, all elegantly arrayed with chains of gold and other ornaments, and was attended by 200 gentlemen on horseback, in all her journies ; and if she happened to go to Edinburgh in the evening, 80 lighted torches were carried before her. In dignity she was next to the Queen*.

I have not heard from the Countess de Lorm. But I have acquired a habit of patience, so far as sometimes to believe that my friends have reason on their side for neglecting me ; I therefore would rather acknowledge my want of

* Hay, Vol. II. page 234.

merit, than complain of their injustice, and suppress my resentment, than publish my mortifications.

She knows at the same time my affection for her; but our souls are not formed alike; she would not melt into tears at a harsh word from a friend, a weakness I know she is superior to.

My Henry joins my brother and I in dutiful respects to our dear father; they kiss your hands, while I, with a heart of gratitude and affection, can only assure my dear mama, that I am, as much as ever,

her obliged friend,

MARY HAMILTON.

*I wish to add the
life than 31st Oct 1781
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LET-

L E T T E R XIV.

From Mademoiselle LE REILLET, to
Lady JULIANA DANVERS.

DEAR MADAM,

YOU are very good in interesting yourself in my affairs. I never had a heart to resist such soothing kindness; it more than *persuades*, it *impels* me; of all the softer sensations, the greatest pleasure is to give and receive mutual trust; and friendly sympathy increases every joy, and lessens every pain. But, my amiable friend, yours is a peculiar disposition.—The gentleness of your temper affords you but too much to feel, for those who are allied to you, and who have a natural right to your affection. The apprehension I shall be under of affording you uneasiness, by acquainting

quainting you *what passes in my soul*, will be so far from *lessening* my pangs, that it will *increase* them.—While your sensibility renders you thus susceptible, and while you live under a perpetual dejection and oppression of spirits, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *humour*, nor your own *good sense*.

Since pity is accompanied with pain,
Why should I ease by your affection gain?

Whenever we find ourselves under any extraordinary uneasiness, my amiable friend, suffer me to say, if we take the following method, we shall find we have more reason to complain of our false notions, than of our fortune. Examine into the occasion of your grief, strip it of all disguise, and of all the embroidery of imagination, and you will find in general it is *nothing at all*, or at least great allowances

ances are to be made. Your tenderness makes you feel *torments* where there is nothing to give you *pain*, and *terror* where there is nothing to give you *fear*. Such is your anxiety for my Lord; be assured he is not in the *smallest* danger. On the contrary, he is in tolerable good spirits; and if any thing can render him otherwise, it will be owing to his hearing of your anxiety and wretchedness on his account.

I shall now commence a narrative to you of my strange, strange story, and will rake up my thoughts from the most secret recesses of my soul, that I may set them before you, and submit them to your judgment.

I am however aware we seldom talk of ourselves with success. If we condemn ourselves, *more* is believed than expressed; if we praise ourselves, *much less*.

I shall,

I shall, however, recollect myself in those hours set apart for my repose; and have determined to try what assistance, in this particular, my diligence may possibly receive from that affection, and great desire to please, which in other cases is often so great a spur to the endeavours of mankind.

I must now, my dear friend, stir the ashes of the dead, I must drag asunder the strings of my heart, open its wounds afresh, and devise a new language, to recount what could never happen *but to myself alone!* But before I proceed, I ought to humble myself for my impetuosity of temper, (more especially after having so recently given you my advice.) For however *imaginary* I may think your *sufferings are*, and *real mine have been*, yet I am greatly indebted to Providence for its past and present protection!

protection ! *Regulus* under his tortures mildly said, “ *It bath pleased God to single me out for an experiment of the force of human nature.*”

At the age of eleven years I lived at Avignon, where Clement V. a Gascon Pope, fixed the Roman see. In his palace did I reside with the Marchioness de Louvoi; time had not then taken any thing from the loveliness of her countenance : she was only about thirty years of age ; and though her features were tinged with a melancholy, it did not diminish her charms.

She was the avowed protectress of letters and encourager of merit, and her house was open to the literati. She herself was highly accomplished, being perfect mistress of Greek and Latin, as well as the modern languages, and took great pains and pleasure in having me instructed

instructed in them : also in geography, chronology, geometry, physics, and metaphysics ; in fact, there was nothing this kind mother omitted for my improvement, as if she had had a pre-science I should *soon* be deprived of her, and in consequence, obtruded knowledge on me superior to my years. Her learned guests often told her, that the powers of the mind might be overstrained like those of the body ; and that it would perhaps be better she were less anxious for my making such a rapid progress. As however she found my health did not suffer from the intenseness of my application, she encouraged me to it, and I was so happy as to answer the expectations at that age she had formed of me. There is a habitude attainable only by repeated acts, which render the execution of any practical thing

thing easy, which we ought to be made acquainted with in our youth, by a proper application to such things as are then suitable to our capacity, but have some analogy with what is to follow, that the habitude may grow up with us, and be gradually directed to more proper objects as we advance in life. She early inspired me with an ardent desire to cultivate right principles ; to form a just estimate of things ; to clear my mind from vulgar prejudices ; to prove and vindicate what I could discern excellent in the *meanest* character, and to detest villainy in the *greatest*. In order to which, she recommended to my frequent and careful perusal Mr. Locke's admirable *Essay on the Understanding*, which she said would teach me a true use of books, and a right method of managing my own thoughts.

She

She also recommended to me, as a rational being, the study of *morality*, including, besides the nature and obligations of mere virtue, a knowledge of the Deity, his perfections and providence; and of the frame and constitution of the human mind, its powers, capacities, passions, and the end of its existence; a most ample field for the exercise and improvement of my reason! A clear and exact judgment in these things, applied to, and influencing the heart and conduct, is the true state and temper of our souls, and the basis of all solid peace and happiness: but it is an error to imagine, that merely a few sentiments of honour, and that modesty and reserve we receive from education, can be always sufficient to preserve our innocence; all these great sentiments, all these excellent principles

upon which we depend (said she) ought to be accompanied with a continual distrust of ourselves, and a fear of offending that Being who sees all our actions.

My memory was exercised by learning select pieces of poetry by heart; and the habit I was used to of giving an account of the books I read, served to fix my attention to the chain of facts, or the disposition of the argument.

Such applications of the mind are of considerable advantage to it, and serve to occupy its leisure with safety, where idleness and roving thoughts might be dangerous.

One day we were fitting at dinner, when the Count de Trone was announced to the Marchioness; she saluted him with great affection, and invited him to reside with her for some weeks; which he accordingly did, and the Marchioness

chioness ordered him an apartment adjoining to her own.

One fatal evening, after we were all retired to rest, a gentleman arrived; Briffack, the Marchioness's upper domestic, called him his master, appeared greatly rejoiced to see him, and immediately carried him to her apartment. Figure to yourself the rage and astonishment a husband must be in, returned to a wife he tenderly loved, after a tedious and enforced absence——to discover another man with her! *The Count de Trone was in bed with the Marchioness!* Fury possessed him to such a degree that he instantly satiated his revenge upon them, by a short dagger with which he had travelled, and left them weltering in their blood. He then directed Briffack to write to him at a certain place he told him of: walked sul-

lenly away, and mounting his horse was never more heard of.

Briffack, in the first transports of his surprize, acquainted the other servants with the catastrophe ; and also, that the gentleman, who had avenged himself of his mistress and the Count de Trone, was her husband, he himself having witnessed the ceremony ; and that I was their only child : his master having been in a public service, which he could not relinquish until that time, when he had come home to declare his marriage.

This extraordinary adventure at Avignon, made a very great noise ; and before breakfast next morning, there were few who were not acquainted with it. Various were the stories circulated to the Marchioness's dishonour ! To the discredit of human nature, we are all in fact more ready to blame men's defects, than

than to applaud their excellencies ; and there is a certain depravity in many which tempts them to put the worst construction on things, and to search in actions, known even to themselves to be good, for something which they may censure as erroneous, or, at least, as having the appearance of being so. One lady said, she had always thought the Marchioness a hypocrite, another affirmed she had long known her irregularities : their calumny, however, was soon obliged to find another object ; the Count de Trone proved to be a beautiful young lady, who had taken refuge with my mother, in that disguise, to avoid a hated marriage.

It appeared by letters in her pocket, that she was the only daughter of the Duke de Longueville ; and that a strict intimacy subsisted between her and my mo-

ther, exclusive of their being very near relations.

But I must return to Briffack, whom, I acquainted you, had been very communicative concerning my affairs: the only circumstance he had omitted mentioning was my father's name. Dupree, my maid, being tenderly attached to me, went to ask him that question, but was informed he was set out in one of my mother's carriages for the house of a Mr. le Tellier her uncle. This man would have been entitled to succeed my mother but *for me*. Dupree became alarmed, and fearful of the consequences.—They were soon, very soon, realized. Mr. Le Tellier arrived at nine o'clock in the morning, in that same carriage in which Briffack went to his house. He assumed the title of Marquis de Louvoi, took immediate possession

possession of the house, discharged the servants, saying he himself would take care of his niece's funeral, and carelessly inquired who I was? Upon being informed of what Briffack had so recently declared, he laughed at it, and assured them, his niece had never been married, but that she had educated me out of charity. As Briffack did not appear to support my pretensions, we were *all* turned out of the house.

M. Le Tellier was old, ugly, and infirm.—When the vigour of the body decays, the sentiments are destitute of vivacity and generosity. That organization which renders man *sad*, renders him likewise *obdurate* and *cruel*; that which renders man *gay*, on the contrary, renders him *communicative*, *compassionate*, and *benevolent*. Dupree carried me to an

Abbot, an uncle of hers, at Montpellier. The bare representation of my misery was sufficient to make him readily consent to serve me. We remained with him for a few weeks, at the end of which time he went to Avignon, and was there informed that the daughter of the Duke de Longueville had recovered of her wounds, but that my unfortunate mother had been interred with great pomp; that nobody seemed to credit the report of her marriage; and, that in short, her misfortunes, from becoming familiar, had ceased to strike the imagination of her friends: and the pretty child, so much the wonder of the *litterati*, and whom they had repeatedly told my mother would be an ornament to letters, was not thought of, or enquired after. The Marquis lived very magnificently, and every person seemed to think

think he was a very great acquisition to the place.

The good Abbot, after taking much pains to enquire, had only heard, that Briffack was gone to reside in England, enriched by the Marquis. Being by this means deprived of all hopes, and not knowing my father's name, the Abbot said he would endeavour to get some lady to take me into her family; and his partiality led him to think, if such a lady had any children, that although a child myself, they might be improved by me. ——My dear madam, do not suppose me vain, I only tell you what he said; but were I to pretend I did not deserve it, I should assume a modesty I do not feel. I was naturally quick, and, encouraged and excited as I had been to application,

application, I must have been stupid indeed not to have availed myself of it, even at that early age. The Abbot was so lucky as to succeed in his application for me to Madame le Mars : who was an active enterprising woman ; and one of those people who succeed from their singularity. They sail smoothly, in a sea where others run aground and are shipwrecked. They attain their *ends* in running counter to the rules for attaining *them* ; and reap from their folly and irregularity all the glorious fruits of the most consummate wisdom.

Impenetrable stupidity keeps certain people always bustling in the world ; nothing can affect or discourage them, whilst people of reflection and sensibility, are often afraid of every object : they

they dare not shew their faces; they do not make their fortune because they are afraid of acquitting themselves ill in every undertaking. It is a certain fact, that unfeeling, hardy, and indefatigable impudent people, succeed best in this world, who have no delicacy to recommend them, and whose humanity is only dictated by *the impulse of the minute*.

Madame de Mars was the widow of a financier, had acquired an easy fortune, had no children, and was on bad terms with her relations. Under these circumstances, it was no difficult matter for the Abbot to prevail on her to take me under her protection. This fixed for the time her attachment.

Benefits to those whom we set apart for our own management and assistance, have something so peculiar in their nature;

ture, that there is scarce a selfish passion which their exercise does not gratify.

The virtue alone of industry she possessed, which, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all the rest; and, like the most subtle leaven, insinuated itself into every action and motive. Virtue had not the direction of her expences: though blessed with the means, she had no idea of trying to discern silent want and sickness privately struggling with woe, from the *grossest impostures*. She possessed only that kind of *good-nature* that arises from weak nerves, and sympathizing sensations, which is no more than an involuntary movement, and an effect of *self-love*; but she never had that good-nature which can only proceed from sentiment and reflection.

The same thing would affect her with mirth or grief, according to the tone

tone in which it was pronounced, and her pity was always excited by some uncompassionate circumstance, never by the main object. Her disposition, however, was highly advantageous to me: she took me and my maid into her house. The Abbot concealed my rank and expectations, and only mentioned to her, that by some failures I had lost my fortune: by the advice of my maid I reversed the letters of my name from Le Tellier to Le Reillet.

As I was reckoned a pretty child, Madame le Mars took great pride in shewing me to her acquaintances: my dress proved I had been no ordinary person; for though it was composed of the *plainest*, yet they were of the *finest* materials. The best lace and cambric

cambric were what principally filled my wardrobe.

I am apt to believe, trifling as this circumstance may appear to you, it affected the imagination of Madame le Mars, who, for *some time*, thought nothing too good for the amiable, the *beloved child*. Masters, &c. were provided me, and nothing omitted that money could procure me. I was greatly rejoiced at receiving her permission to amuse myself in her library; but how inexpressible was my mortification to find it composed only of romances, and school divinity, as if they had been collected together by some secret enemy to human reason! An English Baronet, and his son, were much connected with my patroness: she played extremely well at chess; this procured her the honour

honour of this gentleman's acquaintance. His name was Sir John Denham: he had seen a great deal of the world, had been in office, and a favourite of his sovereign. He was a man of uncommon talents, erudition, and expansion of sentiment; and was animated with a spirit of independence worthy Hampden or Sidney.

He was a citizen of the world, and totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climate, or of country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart, and sets bounds to philanthropy. He was then in disgrace with his Prince, and had suffered much from unmerited calumny. But what affected him most, was the ingratitude of those he had been a generous patron to, in the sun-shine of his favour. Such men may be compared to the *heliotrope*, which opens

opens only towards the sun, but shuts and contracts itself at night. Let the object of their adoration be but eclipsed, they can see none of those excellencies which before dazzled their eyes, the *old* idol is often made a sacrifice to their *new*; and all malicious discoveries are made of their *falling friend*, to make an interest in their *rising ones*. All their homages are but for the successful; oblivion, desertion, and contempt, are the portion of the unfortunate. It is unlucky that such are seldom detected; an honest mind is not apt to suspect, and no one exerts the powers of discernment with vigour, when self-love favours the deceit.

The sentiments of humanity incline us to comfort the miserable; and it is failing in the most essential duties, to abandon

abandon them in their bad fortune, and should we not say, like the good man in Terence, “ *I am a man, and as such I cannot see a man suffer without pain.*” But it is the utmost excess of cruelty to insult men in their misfortunes. The first thought that occurs upon the adventure of a man displaced, is to seek the reasons of his misfortunes in his conduct. They neither offer in his excuse the misfortune of the times, nor the posture of affairs, and conjuncture of things; but will absolutely have him guilty, and invent a thousand stories to discredit and ruin him beyond recovery. Sir John had experienced so much of the malignity and baseness of mankind, that he possessed, in a high degree, *that soreness*, as Pope expressed it, that impatience of unmerited calumny, and peevishness, which men of

fine parts often discover, on account of the erroneous judgment which the multitude form of their abilities and execution. The least disobliging word would open all his wounds a-fresh. —— A man grows more sensible and tender, in proportion to his growing miserable.

A noble soul becomes untractable in adversity, whereas good fortune renders it gentle and generous.

While all things smile upon us, and we have no cause of discontent, we are invulnerable to affronts and disrespectful behaviour.

An unhappy concurrence of events had placed Sir John Denham in an unfortunate point of view: but there is generally great injustice in judging things only by *the event*; for whatever good conduct was taken in an affair, if it

it did not succeed, we blame the manager, though the fault was *not his*.

We fix our eyes on the surface, and never dive into those secret springs that stopped the motion of the engines, when in the mean time such measures were taken as promised an happy event, had it not been for those obstacles in the way which prudence could not foresee. Hence commonly proceed censures upon men of merit who have failed of the success that might be expected from their plans.

Men of sense and equity judge not however by appearances ; they go to the bottom of things, and can do justice to a man of honour who has omitted nothing, but who was ill seconded, or rather was undermined by ill-intentioned people. Sir John still kept up a correspondence with certain friends, in Eng-

land, of power and consequence. The greatest powers cannot totally crush the reputation of a man that maintains his credit amongst his own party. Unfortunately for me he was recalled to resume his offices: but as this did not happen for six years after my going to reside with Madame le Mars, I shall not farther anticipate this circumstance.— If I have been tedious in mentioning these particulars concerning Sir John, you will find presently how very interesting to me he and family became.

Mr. Denham at this period was just returned from his travels. How shall I, my amiable friend, give you an idea of him; he was an Adonis in his person, and language is inadequate to my conception of his excellencies. There is not among the human race a mind so formed,—a temper—a turn of thought, and

and manner of expression similar to his! I believe it might with justice have been said of him what is reported of Alcibiades, “*that he EXCELLED all nations wherever he came, and every one in THAT, for which he was most eminent.*”

Very different was his conduct, from that of modern travellers, who weed foreign countries, importing German drunkenness, Spanish pride, French levity, and Italian deceit, while they leave behind, German industry, Spanish loyalty, and Italian frugality: thus they suffer interiorly from their travels, what they gain exteriorly. Chemists well know that a nail will, in an elegant solution of blue vitriol, throw off its coat of *iron*, and acquire one of *copper*: but the chemist will not tell you it is the *better* for the change:—nay, he will warn you, that although the ignorant mistake it

for gold, this wondrous acquisition is in fact an exchange for a *noxious* quality instead of a *salutary* one. The modern fine gentlemen despise character, and laugh at reputation; run wild after foreign follies, ridiculous fashions, and effeminate employments, which engage their time, impair their fortune, and emasculate their courage. Instead of doing honour to the place of their nativity, (by a strange degeneracy in a circle of vanity and vice,) they discredit their families; unmindful of the virtues which gave their ancestors the arms they bear, or the fortunes they abuse. Public places abound with instances of this sort, too numerous to doubt the existence of such a species of beings, distinguished by some ridiculous affectation in dress, indecency of conversation, idleness,

Idleness in behaviour, and absurdity in action.

Mr. Denham devoted his time principally to his father, in soothing his uneasiness, and in trying to amuse him.

Sir John played a great deal at chess with Madame le Mars, while Mr. Denham amused himself with my innocent prattle, which he was astonished to find differed from that of girls of my own age. This led him to question me concerning my studies: it would be too presumptuous in me to repeat what he said to his father and my patroness, in consequence of the surprize he was in at the proficiency I had made in those things, which even men do not always think it necessary to acquire. Let it suffice to say he acquainted Madame le Mars, that those masters who attended me could teach me nothing, that I was

perfectly well grounded in every branch of literature and science, and that if she would permit him sometimes to keep me in mind of what I already knew, *it would be sufficient.*

This proved very agreeable intelligence to the person to whom it was addressed. There are three stages in friendship, the beginning, their duration, and their end. As all beginnings of attachment are full of generous sentiments, and a warm imagination, there is always in this stage a great deal of illusion; the first moments of friendship are always gay and joyous, but usually after this, the high relish, which novelty gave the feast, being over, the imagination deadens a little by habitude, the illusion disappears, and we are left to keep the sacred tie of amity by what we find in reason *only*; which though a valuable

luable resource, is but a barren virtue in this respect. In friendship, or acts of generosity, we should not be too lavish of our favours at first; but, like those in love, regulate them with a proper œconomy to make them lasting. Madame le Mars had been so very prodigal of her favours to me *at first*, that a few months had entirely exhausted her beneficence; she began to think the amiable child, not *at all amiable*; and the considerable expences she had entered into for masters for me, made her perfectly hate me, although she found it impossible, with any kind of credit to her own character, to dismiss them.

Mr. Denham, however, happily furnished her with an excuse for that purpose, and she dismissed all my masters but my dancing-master. Her good humour revived, and as Dupree was very useful

useful to her by her needle, she consoled herself for the imprudence she had committed in admitting us into her family, with *her industry*.

How much do the graces of a benefit depend upon the manner of its being conferred ? It is the *manner* that gives it all its charms ; it is this that removes the pain we naturally feel at being obliged ; it makes us look upon our necessity without regret, while it is attended with no other consequence, than laying before us the native loveliness, the intrinsic excellence, the engaging beauty of a great and generous mind,—the friendship of a sincere and noble heart. A little mean soul may, indeed, upon a particular occasion, do a *generous action*, (such as Madame le Mars to me,) but only a great mind can do it in a *generous manner*. The man that suffers his friend

friend to ask his assistance, when he knows his distress; the man that prolongs the pain of his petitioner, by hesitating to relieve him; the man who with reluctant hand, and scrupulous fears, stretches out his arm to remove the anguish of the unhappy, confers an obligation, it is true, but leaves a sting behind, a pain in the mind, perhaps little inferior to that he has removed.

Mr. Denham amply supplied to me the want of my masters: he instructed me in every branch of literature, particularly in languages, the very genius of of which appeared different; when he touched them, all their asperities were softened in passing through such a medium. He continually expressed his surprize at my acquirements; I one day informed him, that I believed at eight years of age I understood grammatically

English,

English, Italian, and French, as well as I did then; but his astonishment was inexpressible, when he discovered afterwards that Latin and Greek were equally familiar to me. However agreeable such an intercourse might be, it became dangerous to the parties; I was necessary, he declared *to his* happiness, and I felt but too sensibly he was highly so *to mine*. This enabled me to bear the insolent carriage of Madame le Mars, who was continually reproaching me with my obligations to her, and the expences I occasioned her. She fell into a very bad state of health, which rendered her perfectly insupportable. I had no other remedy than patience; and is that a virtue easy to be practised by so young a creature? What murmurs, what complaints escaped me! whilst every moment furnished me with a new subject for

for them! Madame le Mars grieved at the sight of any pleasures she could not enjoy, was envious of that felicity which flew from her, and was possessed by others ; she would willingly see all beings groaning around, and tormented with her, as if the number of her sufferings had been diminished by those which she inflicted on others. She at length, when I was about sixteen years of age, died of a fever, without taking the smallest notice of me in her will.

This circumstance Mr. Denham had address enough to conceal from his father ; he took a small lodgings for me and Dupree : I saw sir John occasioually, and his son devoted every minute to me he could spare from his necessary duties. He took so much pains to make every thing agreeable to me, Dupree became alarmed

alarmed, and distrustful of his intentions. Charity, said she, is not gallant in her liberalities; and even friendship itself, though always so ready to afford help, gives what is *good* and *substantial*, but never what is *magnificent*.

The *virtues* of men are very *exact* in their *effects*, and chuse rather to be *spare*-*ing* than *profuse*. *Vices* alone know no bounds.

My only uneasiness proceeded from the expence I occasioned him, I had no manner of apprehensions of his ever becoming any thing but what was amiable, exalted, and elevated.

He knew I was deserted; but such intelligence, instead of rendering me, in his opinion, a suitable object for seduction, increased his respect for me. I should hope, for the honour of human nature, that there have been instances sufficient

sufficient of this kind to form a folio. At any time he favoured me with his company, he always sent for Dupree, who was present at all our interviews. He was partial.—Does not our self-love sometimes *suppose* merits where we *bestow* our favours, in order to *heighten* our own *pleasure* in the *act* of beneficence?

Though thus happy and delighted by his charming conduct, and insinuating conversation, I became melancholy, his benefits were so many wounds to my soul; not that I thought he disliked bestowing them, but because I was under the hard necessity of receiving them.

I acquainted him, I had considered my situation; that pride was most intolerable in those who stood in need of the assistance of others; therefore intreated he would permit me to endeavour to fall upon some means by which I could acquire

quire an honest livelihood. That to bear hard upon the kindness of another, is to render one's-self unworthy of his favour.

He seemed deeply affected by my discourse, and greatly hurt at my intentions, and assured me that a rational soul is sufficiently compensated by the pleasure it receives in obliging a beloved person, who is well deserving of its zeal! But that in my instance he was not disinterested; for that if he proved agreeable to me he intended, when in his power, to make me his wife!

I burst into tears, upon observing I had afforded him a minute's uneasiness, and assured him, if he would but forgive me, I should never again mention the subject on *which we differed*. What is it we do not give up to the man we love, when

when we have the happiness to believe we are beloved again? An affection like what I experienced ennobles the mind, it springs from ~~an~~ an innate love of virtue, and has a tendency to carry it to the highest perfection.

I shall send your Ladyship the remainder of my unfortunate story in a week or less, and am, at all times, with equal respect and affection,

your obliged friend,

ANNETTE LE REILLET.

L E T T E R XV.

From Lady JULIANA DANVERS, to
Mademoiselle LE REILLET.

MY DEAR ANNETTE,

I RETURN you my best, my sincerest thanks, for your long and circumstantial narrative. It justifies intirely the idea I had entertained of your birth ; for whatever you do, you cannot debase yourself into a vulgar person, or humbly yourself *so low* by your modesty, as you are *elevated* in your genius and conceptions : but you yourself doubt of the truth of your being what Briffack represented you to be ; what motive could he have had for deceiving ? Men at such times, when under a sudden and unexpected surprize, generally speak the

the language of truth.—That impression wearing off before the morning, he adopted another plan, more political and more suitable to his interested nature.

You hurt me by a continual repetition of your obligations to my family. It is an easy matter to oblige persons who act by noble principles!

If we only esteemed you, we should certainly envy you, if we did not hate you; for esteem is always forced upon us, but inclination is a matter of our own choice. Upon this account it is difficult to wish well to those whom we very much esteem, if they have not likewise the art of conciliating our affection; because to esteem depresses the spirits as much as to love exalts them: it brings the soul to a languid temper, and gives it at once the view of another's excel-

lencies, and of its own infirmities; but affection gives it agitation and warmth, and in the view of a friend's merit, it takes too much pleasure and too much pride to consider its own defects.

You will oblige me particularly, my dear friend, if you will take the trouble, if it will not too much affect your spirits, of acquainting me in what manner Mr. Denham directed your studies, &c. I have been always too indolent to improve myself, and of too anxious a temper to leave me in a sufficient composure of mind, but for the commonest attainments; I have, however, found great pleasure, since I came to London, from perusing Italian authors. Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, at present greatly amuses me, which I am told is little inferior to the most precious remains of antiquity.

What

What can be more noble than the plan of this sublime work? Do we not see as grand a subject as ever was imagined, not founded on the flighty wings of imagination, but on the solid ground-work of most authentic history? Kings and Princes united from all parts of the Christian world, and covering, with innumerable armies, the vast plains of Asia, to rescue the sacred place of the Messiah's residence, while on earth, from the idolatrous Saracens: could any enterprize be better suited to an epic poem?

I am now, my dear Annette, going to acquaint you with a circumstance, which I should be insincere, did I not acknowledge does me equal honour and satisfaction. The Marquis of Epsom has addressed me as a lover: I only feel how little deserving

serving I am of the great happiness, and good fortune that awaits me. I hope you will reside entirely with me, until a better fate occurs to you, which I flatter myself must be the case. Heroes, my dear, were never exposed to the mercy of their fates, but heaven took care of them; and dubious births almost ever have been the entrance to illustrious lives. You shall, my dear Annette, be my friend and kind monitor, if I should become so giddy from happiness as to lose sight of those happy prepossessions of soul you so eminently possess.

Experience proves that prosperity is sometimes more dangerous than adversity: we find the warm sun often scorches the land into barrenness, while the cold snow renders it fertile.

There

There are some *virtues* that are not to be acquired but in *misfortunes*, as there are some *fruits* that ripen not without *frosts*. We know not what we are till we have been tried. Moses, who was the meekest of men, whilst he lived in the wilderness; yet, when Providence advanced him, he so highly offended God, that all his former services could not obtain the liberty of his entering into the Land of Canaan.

I shall send to Briffack: and am ever,

my dear Annette,

your faithful, and

affectionate friend,

JULIANA DANVERS.

you bid say I

Very trifling Deneigny
Attempts continually
something ending in
left then nothing

The ¹¹ ¹² ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ ¹⁶ ¹⁷ ¹⁸ ¹⁹ ²⁰ ²¹ ²² ²³ ²⁴ ²⁵ ²⁶ ²⁷ ²⁸ ²⁹ ³⁰ ³¹ ³² ³³ ³⁴ ³⁵ ³⁶ ³⁷ ³⁸ ³⁹ ⁴⁰ ⁴¹ ⁴² ⁴³ ⁴⁴ ⁴⁵ ⁴⁶ ⁴⁷ ⁴⁸ ⁴⁹ ⁵⁰ ⁵¹ ⁵² ⁵³ ⁵⁴ ⁵⁵ ⁵⁶ ⁵⁷ ⁵⁸ ⁵⁹ ⁶⁰ ⁶¹ ⁶² ⁶³ ⁶⁴ ⁶⁵ ⁶⁶ ⁶⁷ ⁶⁸ ⁶⁹ ⁷⁰ ⁷¹ ⁷² ⁷³ ⁷⁴ ⁷⁵ ⁷⁶ ⁷⁷ ⁷⁸ ⁷⁹ ⁸⁰ ⁸¹ ⁸² ⁸³ ⁸⁴ ⁸⁵ ⁸⁶ ⁸⁷ ⁸⁸ ⁸⁹ ⁹⁰ ⁹¹ ⁹² ⁹³ ⁹⁴ ⁹⁵ ⁹⁶ ⁹⁷ ⁹⁸ ⁹⁹ ¹⁰⁰ ¹⁰¹ ¹⁰² ¹⁰³ ¹⁰⁴ ¹⁰⁵ ¹⁰⁶ ¹⁰⁷ ¹⁰⁸ ¹⁰⁹ ¹¹⁰ ¹¹¹ ¹¹² ¹¹³ ¹¹⁴ ¹¹⁵ ¹¹⁶ ¹¹⁷ ¹¹⁸ ¹¹⁹ ¹²⁰ ¹²¹ ¹²² ¹²³ ¹²⁴ ¹²⁵ ¹²⁶ ¹²⁷ ¹²⁸ ¹²⁹ ¹³⁰ ¹³¹ ¹³² ¹³³ ¹³⁴ ¹³⁵ ¹³⁶ ¹³⁷ ¹³⁸ ¹³⁹ ¹⁴⁰ ¹⁴¹ ¹⁴² ¹⁴³ ¹⁴⁴ ¹⁴⁵ ¹⁴⁶ ¹⁴⁷ ¹⁴⁸ ¹⁴⁹ ¹⁵⁰ ¹⁵¹ ¹⁵² ¹⁵³ ¹⁵⁴ ¹⁵⁵ ¹⁵⁶ ¹⁵⁷ ¹⁵⁸ ¹⁵⁹ ¹⁶⁰ ¹⁶¹ ¹⁶² ¹⁶³ ¹⁶⁴ ¹⁶⁵ ¹⁶⁶ ¹⁶⁷ ¹⁶⁸ ¹⁶⁹ ¹⁷⁰ ¹⁷¹ ¹⁷² ¹⁷³ ¹⁷⁴ ¹⁷⁵ ¹⁷⁶ ¹⁷⁷ ¹⁷⁸ ¹⁷⁹ ¹⁸⁰ ¹⁸¹ ¹⁸² ¹⁸³ ¹⁸⁴ ¹⁸⁵ ¹⁸⁶ ¹⁸⁷ ¹⁸⁸ ¹⁸⁹ ¹⁹⁰ ¹⁹¹ ¹⁹² ¹⁹³ ¹⁹⁴ ¹⁹⁵ ¹⁹⁶ ¹⁹⁷ ¹⁹⁸ ¹⁹⁹ ²⁰⁰ ²⁰¹ ²⁰² ²⁰³ ²⁰⁴ ²⁰⁵ ²⁰⁶ ²⁰⁷ ²⁰⁸ ²⁰⁹ ²¹⁰ ²¹¹ ²¹² ²¹³ ²¹⁴ ²¹⁵ ²¹⁶ ²¹⁷ ²¹⁸ ²¹⁹ ²²⁰ ²²¹ ²²² ²²³ ²²⁴ ²²⁵ ²²⁶ ²²⁷ ²²⁸ ²²⁹ ²³⁰ ²³¹ ²³² ²³³ ²³⁴ ²³⁵ ²³⁶ ²³⁷ ²³⁸ ²³⁹ ²⁴⁰ ²⁴¹ ²⁴² ²⁴³ ²⁴⁴ ²⁴⁵ ²⁴⁶ ²⁴⁷ ²⁴⁸ ²⁴⁹ ²⁵⁰ ²⁵¹ ²⁵² ²⁵³ ²⁵⁴ ²⁵⁵ ²⁵⁶ ²⁵⁷ ²⁵⁸ ²⁵⁹ ²⁶⁰ ²⁶¹ ²⁶² ²⁶³ ²⁶⁴ ²⁶⁵ ²⁶⁶ ²⁶⁷ ²⁶⁸ ²⁶⁹ ²⁷⁰ ²⁷¹ ²⁷² ²⁷³ ²⁷⁴ ²⁷⁵ ²⁷⁶ ²⁷⁷ ²⁷⁸ ²⁷⁹ ²⁸⁰ ²⁸¹ ²⁸² ²⁸³ ²⁸⁴ ²⁸⁵ ²⁸⁶ ²⁸⁷ ²⁸⁸ ²⁸⁹ ²⁹⁰ ²⁹¹ ²⁹² ²⁹³ ²⁹⁴ ²⁹⁵ ²⁹⁶ ²⁹⁷ ²⁹⁸ ²⁹⁹ ³⁰⁰ ³⁰¹ ³⁰² ³⁰³ ³⁰⁴ ³⁰⁵ ³⁰⁶ ³⁰⁷ ³⁰⁸ ³⁰⁹ ³¹⁰ ³¹¹ ³¹² ³¹³ ³¹⁴ ³¹⁵ ³¹⁶ ³¹⁷ ³¹⁸ ³¹⁹ ³²⁰ ³²¹ ³²² ³²³ ³²⁴ ³²⁵ ³²⁶ ³²⁷ ³²⁸ ³²⁹ ³³⁰ ³³¹ ³³² ³³³ ³³⁴ ³³⁵ ³³⁶ ³³⁷ ³³⁸ ³³⁹ ³⁴⁰ ³⁴¹ ³⁴² ³⁴³ ³⁴⁴ ³⁴⁵ ³⁴⁶ ³⁴⁷ ³⁴⁸ ³⁴⁹ ³⁵⁰ ³⁵¹ ³⁵² ³⁵³ ³⁵⁴ ³⁵⁵ ³⁵⁶ ³⁵⁷ ³⁵⁸ ³⁵⁹ ³⁶⁰ ³⁶¹ ³⁶² ³⁶³ ³⁶⁴ ³⁶⁵ ³⁶⁶ ³⁶⁷ ³⁶⁸ ³⁶⁹ ³⁷⁰ ³⁷¹ ³⁷² ³⁷³ ³⁷⁴ ³⁷⁵ ³⁷⁶ ³⁷⁷ ³⁷⁸ ³⁷⁹ ³⁸⁰ ³⁸¹ ³⁸² ³⁸³ ³⁸⁴ ³⁸⁵ ³⁸⁶ ³⁸⁷ ³⁸⁸ ³⁸⁹ ³⁹⁰ ³⁹¹ ³⁹² ³⁹³ ³⁹⁴ ³⁹⁵ ³⁹⁶ ³⁹⁷ ³⁹⁸ ³⁹⁹ ⁴⁰⁰ ⁴⁰¹ ⁴⁰² ⁴⁰³ ⁴⁰⁴ ⁴⁰⁵ ⁴⁰⁶ ⁴⁰⁷ ⁴⁰⁸ ⁴⁰⁹ ⁴¹⁰ ⁴¹¹ ⁴¹² ⁴¹³ ⁴¹⁴ ⁴¹⁵ ⁴¹⁶ ⁴¹⁷ ⁴¹⁸ ⁴¹⁹ ⁴²⁰ ⁴²¹ ⁴²² ⁴²³ ⁴²⁴ ⁴²⁵ ⁴²⁶ ⁴²⁷ ⁴²⁸ ⁴²⁹ ⁴³⁰ ⁴³¹ ⁴³² ⁴³³ ⁴³⁴ ⁴³⁵ ⁴³⁶ ⁴³⁷ ⁴³⁸ ⁴³⁹ ⁴⁴⁰ ⁴⁴¹ ⁴⁴² ⁴⁴³ ⁴⁴⁴ ⁴⁴⁵ ⁴⁴⁶ ⁴⁴⁷ ⁴⁴⁸ ⁴⁴⁹ ⁴⁵⁰ ⁴⁵¹ ⁴⁵² ⁴⁵³ ⁴⁵⁴ ⁴⁵⁵ ⁴⁵⁶ ⁴⁵⁷ ⁴⁵⁸ ⁴⁵⁹ ⁴⁶⁰ ⁴⁶¹ ⁴⁶² ⁴⁶³ ⁴⁶⁴ ⁴⁶⁵ ⁴⁶⁶ ⁴⁶⁷ ⁴⁶⁸ ⁴⁶⁹ ⁴⁷⁰ ⁴⁷¹ ⁴⁷² ⁴⁷³ ⁴⁷⁴ ⁴⁷⁵ ⁴⁷⁶ ⁴⁷⁷ ⁴⁷⁸ ⁴⁷⁹ ⁴⁸⁰ ⁴⁸¹ ⁴⁸² ⁴⁸³ ⁴⁸⁴ ⁴⁸⁵ ⁴⁸⁶ ⁴⁸⁷ ⁴⁸⁸ ⁴⁸⁹ ⁴⁹⁰ ⁴⁹¹ ⁴⁹² ⁴⁹³ ⁴⁹⁴ ⁴⁹⁵ ⁴⁹⁶ ⁴⁹⁷ ⁴⁹⁸ ⁴⁹⁹ ⁵⁰⁰ ⁵⁰¹ ⁵⁰² ⁵⁰³ ⁵⁰⁴ ⁵⁰⁵ ⁵⁰⁶ ⁵⁰⁷ ⁵⁰⁸ ⁵⁰⁹ ⁵¹⁰ ⁵¹¹ ⁵¹² ⁵¹³ ⁵¹⁴ ⁵¹⁵ ⁵¹⁶ ⁵¹⁷ ⁵¹⁸ ⁵¹⁹ ⁵²⁰ ⁵²¹ ⁵²² ⁵²³ ⁵²⁴ ⁵²⁵ ⁵²⁶ ⁵²⁷ ⁵²⁸ ⁵²⁹ ⁵³⁰ ⁵³¹ ⁵³² ⁵³³ ⁵³⁴ ⁵³⁵ ⁵³⁶ ⁵³⁷ ⁵³⁸ ⁵³⁹ ⁵⁴⁰ ⁵⁴¹ ⁵⁴² ⁵⁴³ ⁵⁴⁴ ⁵⁴⁵ ⁵⁴⁶ ⁵⁴⁷ ⁵⁴⁸ ⁵⁴⁹ ⁵⁵⁰ ⁵⁵¹ ⁵⁵² ⁵⁵³ ⁵⁵⁴ ⁵⁵⁵ ⁵⁵⁶ ⁵⁵⁷ ⁵⁵⁸ ⁵⁵⁹ ⁵⁶⁰ ⁵⁶¹ ⁵⁶² ⁵⁶³ ⁵⁶⁴ ⁵⁶⁵ ⁵⁶⁶ ⁵⁶⁷ ⁵⁶⁸ ⁵⁶⁹ ⁵⁷⁰ ⁵⁷¹ ⁵⁷² ⁵⁷³ ⁵⁷⁴ ⁵⁷⁵ ⁵⁷⁶ ⁵⁷⁷ ⁵⁷⁸ ⁵⁷⁹ ⁵⁸⁰ ⁵⁸¹ ⁵⁸² ⁵⁸³ ⁵⁸⁴ ⁵⁸⁵ ⁵⁸⁶ ⁵⁸⁷ ⁵⁸⁸ ⁵⁸⁹ ⁵⁹⁰ ⁵⁹¹ ⁵⁹² ⁵⁹³ ⁵⁹⁴ ⁵⁹⁵ ⁵⁹⁶ ⁵⁹⁷ ⁵⁹⁸ ⁵⁹⁹ ⁶⁰⁰ ⁶⁰¹ ⁶⁰² ⁶⁰³ ⁶⁰⁴ ⁶⁰⁵ ⁶⁰⁶ ⁶⁰⁷ ⁶⁰⁸ ⁶⁰⁹ ⁶¹⁰ ⁶¹¹ ⁶¹² ⁶¹³ ⁶¹⁴ ⁶¹⁵ ⁶¹⁶ ⁶¹⁷ ⁶¹⁸ ⁶¹⁹ ⁶²⁰ ⁶²¹ ⁶²² ⁶²³ ⁶²⁴ ⁶²⁵ ⁶²⁶ ⁶²⁷ ⁶²⁸ ⁶²⁹ ⁶³⁰ ⁶³¹ ⁶³² ⁶³³ ⁶³⁴ ⁶³⁵ ⁶³⁶ ⁶³⁷ ⁶³⁸ ⁶³⁹ ⁶⁴⁰ ⁶⁴¹ ⁶⁴² ⁶⁴³ ⁶⁴⁴ ⁶⁴⁵ ⁶⁴⁶ ⁶⁴⁷ ⁶⁴⁸ ⁶⁴⁹ ⁶⁵⁰ ⁶⁵¹ ⁶⁵² ⁶⁵³ ⁶⁵⁴ ⁶⁵⁵ ⁶⁵⁶ ⁶⁵⁷ ⁶⁵⁸ ⁶⁵⁹ ⁶⁶⁰ ⁶⁶¹ ⁶⁶² ⁶⁶³ ⁶⁶⁴ ⁶⁶⁵ ⁶⁶⁶ ⁶⁶⁷ ⁶⁶⁸ ⁶⁶⁹ ⁶⁷⁰ ⁶⁷¹ ⁶⁷² ⁶⁷³ ⁶⁷⁴ ⁶⁷⁵ ⁶⁷⁶ ⁶⁷⁷ ⁶⁷⁸ ⁶⁷⁹ ⁶⁸⁰ ⁶⁸¹ ⁶⁸² ⁶⁸³ ⁶⁸⁴ ⁶⁸⁵ ⁶⁸⁶ ⁶⁸⁷ ⁶⁸⁸ ⁶⁸⁹ ⁶⁹⁰ ⁶⁹¹ ⁶⁹² ⁶⁹³ ⁶⁹⁴ ⁶⁹⁵ ⁶⁹⁶ ⁶⁹⁷ ⁶⁹⁸ ⁶⁹⁹ ⁷⁰⁰ ⁷⁰¹ ⁷⁰² ⁷⁰³ ⁷⁰⁴ ⁷⁰⁵ ⁷⁰⁶ ⁷⁰⁷ ⁷⁰⁸ ⁷⁰⁹ ⁷¹⁰ ⁷¹¹ ⁷¹² ⁷¹³ ⁷¹⁴ ⁷¹⁵ ⁷¹⁶ ⁷¹⁷ ⁷¹⁸ ⁷¹⁹ ⁷²⁰ ⁷²¹ ⁷²² ⁷²³ ⁷²⁴ ⁷²⁵ ⁷²⁶ ⁷²⁷ ⁷²⁸ ⁷²⁹ ⁷³⁰ ⁷³¹ ⁷³² ⁷³³ ⁷³⁴ ⁷³⁵ ⁷³⁶ ⁷³⁷ ⁷³⁸ ⁷³⁹ ⁷⁴⁰ ⁷⁴¹ ⁷⁴² ⁷⁴³ ⁷⁴⁴ ⁷⁴⁵ ⁷⁴⁶ ⁷⁴⁷ ⁷⁴⁸ ⁷⁴⁹ ⁷⁵⁰ ⁷⁵¹ ⁷⁵² ⁷⁵³ ⁷⁵⁴ ⁷⁵⁵ ⁷⁵⁶ ⁷⁵⁷ ⁷⁵⁸ ⁷⁵⁹ ⁷⁶⁰ ⁷⁶¹ ⁷⁶² ⁷⁶³ ⁷⁶⁴ ⁷⁶⁵ ⁷⁶⁶ ⁷⁶⁷ ⁷⁶⁸ ⁷⁶⁹ ⁷⁷⁰ ⁷⁷¹ ⁷⁷² ⁷⁷³ ⁷⁷⁴ ⁷⁷⁵ ⁷⁷⁶ ⁷⁷⁷ ⁷⁷⁸ ⁷⁷⁹ ⁷⁸⁰ ⁷⁸¹ ⁷⁸² ⁷⁸³ ⁷⁸⁴ ⁷⁸⁵ ⁷⁸⁶ ⁷⁸⁷ ⁷⁸⁸ ⁷⁸⁹ ⁷⁹⁰ ⁷⁹¹ ⁷⁹² ⁷⁹³ ⁷⁹⁴ ⁷⁹⁵ ⁷⁹⁶ ⁷⁹⁷ ⁷⁹⁸ ⁷⁹⁹ ⁸⁰⁰ ⁸⁰¹ ⁸⁰² ⁸⁰³ ⁸⁰⁴ ⁸⁰⁵ ⁸⁰⁶ ⁸⁰⁷ ⁸⁰⁸ ⁸⁰⁹ ⁸¹⁰ ⁸¹¹ ⁸¹² ⁸¹³ ⁸¹⁴ ⁸¹⁵ ⁸¹⁶ ⁸¹⁷ ⁸¹⁸ ⁸¹⁹ ⁸²⁰ ⁸²¹ ⁸²² ⁸²³ ⁸²⁴ ⁸²⁵ ⁸²⁶ ⁸²⁷ ⁸²⁸ ⁸²⁹ ⁸³⁰ ⁸³¹ ⁸³² ⁸³³ ⁸³⁴ ⁸³⁵ ⁸³⁶ ⁸³⁷ ⁸³⁸ ⁸³⁹ ⁸⁴⁰ ⁸⁴¹ ⁸⁴² ⁸⁴³ ⁸⁴⁴ ⁸⁴⁵ ⁸⁴⁶ ⁸⁴⁷ ⁸⁴⁸ ⁸⁴⁹ ⁸⁵⁰ ⁸⁵¹ ⁸⁵² ⁸⁵³ ⁸⁵⁴ ⁸⁵⁵ ⁸⁵⁶ ⁸⁵⁷ ⁸⁵⁸ ⁸⁵⁹ ⁸⁶⁰ ⁸⁶¹ ⁸⁶² ⁸⁶³ ⁸⁶⁴ ⁸⁶⁵ ⁸⁶⁶ ⁸⁶⁷ ⁸⁶⁸ ⁸⁶⁹ ⁸⁷⁰ ⁸⁷¹ ⁸⁷² ⁸⁷³ ⁸⁷⁴ ⁸⁷⁵ ⁸⁷⁶ ⁸⁷⁷ ⁸⁷⁸ ⁸⁷⁹ ⁸⁸⁰ ⁸⁸¹ ⁸⁸² ⁸⁸³ ⁸⁸⁴ ⁸⁸⁵ ⁸⁸⁶ ⁸⁸⁷ ⁸⁸⁸ ⁸⁸⁹ ⁸⁹⁰ ⁸⁹¹ ⁸⁹² ⁸⁹³ ⁸⁹⁴ ⁸⁹⁵ ⁸⁹⁶ ⁸⁹⁷ ⁸⁹⁸ ⁸⁹⁹ ⁹⁰⁰ ⁹⁰¹ ⁹⁰² ⁹⁰³ ⁹⁰⁴ ⁹⁰⁵ ⁹⁰⁶ ⁹⁰⁷ ⁹⁰⁸ ⁹⁰⁹ ⁹¹⁰ ⁹¹¹ ⁹¹² ⁹¹³ ⁹¹⁴ ⁹¹⁵ ⁹¹⁶ ⁹¹⁷ ⁹¹⁸ ⁹¹⁹ ⁹²⁰ ⁹²¹ ⁹²² ⁹²³ ⁹²⁴ ⁹²⁵ ⁹²⁶ ⁹²⁷ ⁹²⁸ ⁹²⁹ ⁹³⁰ ⁹³¹ ⁹³² ⁹³³ ⁹³⁴ ⁹³⁵ ⁹³⁶ ⁹³⁷ ⁹³⁸ ⁹³⁹ ⁹⁴⁰ ⁹⁴¹ ⁹⁴² ⁹⁴³ ⁹⁴⁴ ⁹⁴⁵ ⁹⁴⁶ ⁹⁴⁷ ⁹⁴⁸ ⁹⁴⁹ ⁹⁵⁰ ⁹⁵¹ ⁹⁵² ⁹⁵³ ⁹⁵⁴ ⁹⁵⁵ ⁹⁵⁶ ⁹⁵⁷ ⁹⁵⁸ ⁹⁵⁹ ⁹⁶⁰ ⁹⁶¹ ⁹⁶² ⁹⁶³ ⁹⁶⁴ ⁹⁶⁵ ⁹⁶⁶ ⁹⁶⁷ ⁹⁶⁸ ⁹⁶⁹ ⁹⁷⁰ ⁹⁷¹ ⁹⁷² ⁹⁷³ ⁹⁷⁴ ⁹⁷⁵ ⁹⁷⁶ ⁹⁷⁷ ⁹⁷⁸ ⁹⁷⁹ ⁹⁸⁰ ⁹⁸¹ ⁹⁸² ⁹⁸³ ⁹⁸⁴ ⁹⁸⁵ ⁹⁸⁶ ⁹⁸⁷ ⁹⁸⁸ ⁹⁸⁹ ⁹⁹⁰ ⁹⁹¹ ⁹⁹² ⁹⁹³ ⁹⁹⁴ ⁹⁹⁵ ⁹⁹⁶ ⁹⁹⁷ ⁹⁹⁸ ⁹⁹⁹ ¹⁰⁰⁰

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